THE COMMONWEAL

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THE VOICE FROM ROME

NO PRONOUNCEMENT that came from the See of Saint Peter during the war was so bitterly resented or so entirely misunderstood as the famous appeal, made to The Leaders of the Belligerent Nations on August 1, 1917. At the darkest moment of the war, the late Pope Benedict XV begged the combatants "to cease their useless slaughter." Perceiving that dismay at the price that would be exacted from the vanquished was protracting the struggle beyond reason, he dared, while the issue was still in the balance, to suggest a mutual condonation followed by disarmament, as the only Christian and practical solution. Like the song of a lark, or the murmur of the sea which many a soldier will remember having caught during some chance lull in the bombardment, the warring nations heard for a moment the voice of reason and charity before the guns smothered it anew.

It is only now, when the backs of victors and vanquished alike are bent over the bitter harvest of post-war settlement, that men are beginning to own how inevitably the disregarded word of the Vicar of Christ contained the germ of all the remedies that necessity is forcing upon them today. The eyes of the Recluse of Rome looked far ahead. They perceived the essential fallacy that lay in any theory of final victory: at the very moment when the greater part of Europe was blowing away the substance of generations to come from the mouths of its big guns and meditating futile schemes of compensation for all the waste and havoc, his voice was the only one which dared to define the principles of international hygiene according to which the world would have to live when its fever was allayed and its poisoned blood drained away. There was nothing modern in the best sense, nothing truly civilized amid the atavistic welter of carnage to which western Europe had turned in August, 1917, save what reached it in the words of one feeble old man, speaking from immortal Rome.

Responsibility for the war is a subject upon which less and less is being heard as time goes on. It is not so much that the world has wearied of the subject. But it has grown wise to two very common-sense conclusions anent it. First, the means for assessing war guilt in such an overwhelming proportion as would leave one party among the combatants under the onus of having precipitated the slaughter, either does not exist, or those who could produce it have good reasons for holding their hand. The documents which have seen full light, notably the Russian state archives, only serve to increase the doubt. Second, even supposing that such evidence could be produced, there is no way at this time of day of rendering it effective for

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anything more practical than national holier-than-thouness. Hunting war responsibility has become the most academic of all pursuits.

That it was not so just before and during the first two years of the struggle becomes evident when the innumerable biographies and diaries dealing with the period are studied. Even the countries which featured their reluctance to enter Armageddon, most plausibly buoyed themselves up from the start with a vision of some vague and vast plunder, in territory and gold, to be exacted when the disrupter (who was always the party of the second) had been overthrown and humiliated. "The loot! The blooming loot!"

Something new, then, seems to be happening to the vision of the world as the war which all but wrecked it recedes into a perspective of years. It is very much as though a field-glass, which had allowed at first only a dimmed and blurred vision, were being slowly readjusted to a focus permitting clear outlines to be distinguished. Neither the wickedness and inordinate ambitions of one set of combatants (which set does not greatly matter) nor the theory of some vertiginous attraction of fatality, which replaced it for a few years when men had grown weary of charge and countercharge, will meet the case today. A chastened generation is at our doors, asking for something that will be a better help in time of present trouble and more available for future safety than either. It is realized that destiny in the major issue is only the aggregate of a series of acts, and that the acts which made war inevitable were committed deliberately and in full defiance of the lessons that history is there to teach. They included competition in armaments on land and sea, the insane figment bequeathed by pagan Rome which labels itself supremacy—that other figment, a tradition from Pitt and the early British Whigs, that called itself the Balance of Power. There was the diplomatic legerdemain that sought to regroup alliances, the cynical opportunism that preferred to draw profit from old grudges rather than strive to heal them. In a word—there were all the evil things that leap to mind when the word imperialism is mentioned. The villain of the piece is neither the German, nor the Austrian, nor the Russian, nor the British empire, far less the French republic with its imperial velleities. It is simply imperialism as a working system.

One of the most unfortunate things in the whole unfortunate chain of circumstances which the world war uncoiled, was this: that peace was made before the lessons of war had had time to sink into the hearts of either victors or vanquished. The conflict in its later phases had shown a strong tendency to revert to the methods of barbarism—"Men," in the French writer De Pierrefeu's phrase, "howling their war-cries, falling upon one another hand to hand, and slaying and slaying until the feebler group disappeared." A similar atavism prevailed over the minds of all but one man, and he stricken and already disillusioned, who met around the council table at Versailles. Wisdom, seated once more on the throne which ferocity had forced her to abdicate, should have realized that a war unlike any other war must be followed by a peace unlike any other peace. That this was not the case, the world knows. The haughty embargo placed by one power on any discussion of so vital a matter as the freedom of the seas, the insistence on the possession of mineral deposits by another, the rush by all to secure mandates and to stake out claims in far countries, which, through no fault of their hapless population, had been drawn into the orbit of a mondial Armageddon, were so insistent that the just claims to reparation of those who had borne the burden of the havoc tended to disappear in the welter of acquisitiveness and never took the place they deserved in the imagination of the neutral world.

The Fortnightly Review of St. Louis, an alert organ that keeps a keen eye open upon the shifting thought of the world, does not exaggerate when it tells us, referring to an article already published by the Catholic Times on papal policy during the war, that the real Utopians and dreamers were not at the Vatican, but were "those politicians and publicists of the Allied nations who, in August, 1917, and until after the peace settlement of 1919, unanimously predicted that all the economic losses of the war would be made good by compelling the Central Powers, not only to pay full 'reparation' for all damage done, but also to indemnify the victors to the last penny for the cost of the war." And this reparation, by a crowning folly, was to take place in "gut" as well as in "gelt," in specie payments at the very time the colonial possessions and industrial resources from which the gold might come, were foreclosed on. Well may the Fortnightly Review conclude that "only the strangely befogged mentality produced by years of war hatreds and war propaganda could ever have made serious men accept such an idea."

The tensely emotionalized theories upon which statesmen based their conceptions of what the post-war world should be have wilted in the climate of inevitable cool reason. That one portion of society is intimately dependent upon another; that there is really something like an international organism, one hand of which must know what the other does; that disease and distress in one segment will infect others, both economically and socially—these things have been seen so clearly that they are not likely to be forgotten, in our time, for the sake of employing violence anew to attain supremacy. But there is still unfortunately plenty of room for sly and selfish experiment toward getting a monopoly of the goods of peace. The great Pontiff, addressing the heart of mankind, opposed the greed of tariff barriers, of exclusive commercial nationalisms, as firmly as he stood out against the lust of war. In his words there was more than a temporary counsel. They were, in all truth, a prophetic declaration of the rules social life must observe if world decay is not to be the sequel to world destruction.

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WEEK BY WEEK

AFTER a season of sunny international weather, clouds now hang over the European political scene. Obviously, Stresemann's debate with Poincaré concerning war responsibility, ill-timed though it may seem from the point of view of pending agreements between France and Germany, has grown out of the fierce insistence by conservatives in the Reichstag that an end must be made of the "status quo" imposed by the Versailles Treaty. One feels that the French Premier will establish a reputation for wisdom if he avoids argument about 1914 as carefully as possible. The world is less likely than it once was to stake its faith on a bogey. Relations affecting the United States (and, of course, other peoples) far more directly are the status of the World Court and the French debt. If we are to believe that the address delivered by Deputy Dariac, at Alençon, was intended as an advance notice of what the government intends to do about its obligations to the United States, there is little hope that the terms of the Mellon agreement will stand. Should the French succeed in carrying the whole problem of international finance to Geneva, they will likewise concentrate the attention of all Europe upon what is really the basic social illness of the time. Europe organized might actually give the United States a choice between compromise and complete isolation. One does not feel that the World Court will change matters greatly, either in the direction of international amity or otherwise. Europe was interested in the Senate debate chiefly because it held out the hope that membership in the League, as Wilson had conceived of it, was a step nearer. At present, official Washington is pessimistic about the fate of the reservations. Upon that fate does depend, however, the whole of further progress in a political direction we took in 1919. If this route is to be abandoned, then obviously the time has come to look for another. Were there nothing of importance excepting balance sheets, national isolation would be still a calamity.

THE antics of the Mexican Congress which dismissed the petition of the Catholic hierarchy, revived pleasant memories of antiquated liberalism. Speakers who appended to vague attacks on "fanaticism" unmistakable threats of death and exile, shook hands across the centuries with strutting young pamphleteers fresh from a Paris conclave. It seems queer that Latin society should be so readily susceptible to such spasms of destructive nonsense. The arguments are such as would astonish a northern scholar by reason of their staleness and inappropriate violence. Well may a new association of intellectuals "for the defense of liberty" declare that the hour has come "to promote, within the most strict legality, the necessary measures in which to lead the authorities, individuals, and organizations existing in this country to respect the liberties that every civilized man should enjoy." We wish the new organization success in its thorny enterprise. It is much easier to join fervently in the commemoration of American independence when one realizes that the Rio Grande is not merely a boundary line, but also a watershed between something like a decent social environment and chaos. Sooner or later, this will be apparent to even the most erudite in our midst; and it is within the range of possibility that a mind otherwise so unmalleable as Mr. John Dewey's may admit that a healthy Mexico can never be guaranteed by a doctor like Calles. Nevertheless, it is salutary to remember that Señor Francisco Bulnes put his finger on a real source of infection when he spoke of "a Catholic landed aristocracy, with servile souls and nerveless hands, ready to sell its pride of race, its religious zeal and its right of conquerors in exchange for the protection of the mailed fist which would save it from having to risk its head and its fortune in the defense of its legitimate rights and ancient privileges." The time has come for honest Mexico to awake; and, unless the signs are wholly untrustworthy, it is arising.

CONGRATULATIONS from the press all over America and even from across the Atlantic which are reaching Mr. William T. Dewart, on his succession to the late Frank Munsey as proprietor of the New York Sun properties, show how strongly the scheme of mutual ownership, left as his bequest by the dead owner and editor, is appealing to the imagination of men who know the problems and occasional hardships of press work from personal experience. An abrupt change in ownership of a newspaper that has become a living human organization through long fellowship

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and association is something as sad as the disbandment of a regiment after war. The service given by reporters and editors to "the sheet" is not measured by money or money's worth. All sorts of things draw men to newspaper work, but a consideration of monetary reward is not often among them. There is dislike of the modern commercial office, its general primness and sleekness. There is the irrational joy, hard to explain but harder to resist, of "sitting in" day after day and night after night, at the very sources of history, the excitement of a tense atmosphere into which a "big story" may break at any moment. There is the fellowship that men once found in the tavern, out of which flowers the apt phrase and the colorful story. Whatever it be, there is no doubt that the newspaper breeds a type of service quite apart. Anything that gives it a static character, anything that alleviates the unnerving element of insecurity that has descended upon it in recent years, as the result of shifts and combines carried through in the business office, is to the advantage of journalism generally. It increases our respect immeasurably for a man whose business career, we now perceive, gave little outward sign of the ideals that must have animated it.

STATISTICS when skilfully marshaled can be more effective in presenting the inwardness of an evil than many columns of comment. The figures just made public by the City Club of New York of the deaths by motor accident in Manhattan streets during the first eight months of the present year, should arouse the urban authorities of America to the size of the problem that is being presented to them through the unchecked upward growth of buildings and the consequent congestion of the streets at their foot—which, unhappily, have not the same power of expansion. Five hundred and fifty-five persons, or "more than lost their lives in the Florida hurricane," we are picturesquely informed, owed their deaths to traffic accidents in the streets of New York between January 1 and September 1, 1926. The case is made all the worse by the additional detail that not far from half of them were children under the age of fifteen.

THE figures, it is to be feared, would be far worse were it not for the fact that, like all bad conditions which develop little by little, the appalling congestion of New York streets has become so far a part of the lives of its people that a certain amount of human adaptability has been developed to meet it. But what no figures will ever be able to show is the price paid in health, temper, fitness for work and consequent ineffectiveness owing to the conditions under which they are forced to travel. These conditions, the City Club survey bluntly asserts, have been imposed on them by the greed of ground landlords and the license permitted them to rear their mastodonic piles of office buildings in the air up to eighteen and even twenty stories. One remedy that does not seem ever to have been mooted, would seem to us to be the imposition of full ground rent upon floor space over a reasonable height, say, of six stories. The money thus levied would not repay citizens for the light and air of which they are robbed that private fortunes may be swelled. But it might be applied to means of relief that would render their lot more endurable, and more especially to supplying some means of getting across town from west to east. At present, facilities for cross-town travel in New York, owing to the constant hold-ups at the avenues, are considerably worse than they were in the horse-car days of the Mauve Decade.

THE human appeal of the Hecuba of Euripides keeps it well adapted to modern sympathies and dramatic rendering. The scholars of Holy Cross College, who have collaborated in the important production, first in Worcester last May, and again recently in the stadium of the Sesquicentennial in Philadelphia, have brought credit upon their school and order, and earned the thanks of all to whom culture is still a living issue and the great masterpieces of the past still tokens of the utmost loftiness of man's mind and heart. The invitation from the Philadelphia authorities to repeat the performance of Hecuba in their stadium was an act in accord with the demonstrated culture and amplitude of their spirit. A remarkable feature of the Holy Cross rendering of Hecuba was the musical setting of the odes and hymns; it was music that has been unheard for some two thousand years, recovered by Dr. John P. Marshall from the recently discovered tablets and fragments of the music of the classical Greeks.

THE Glasgow Orpheus Choir, coming to the United States under the personal management of its widely known conductor, Mr. Hugh S. Robertson, exemplifies a musical tradition of unusual charm. There is a glow of fine old-world culture in its purpose and achievement. For practically the first time within memory, Scotch artists who can sing border ballads excellently, appear minus the brawny Highlander garb and an overanxious desire to indulge in antics and hard a's. Simple robes which seem nearer to academia than to the bloody glens of yore, symbolize very well the devotion with which this self-supporting organization carries on its work. Their repertory is rich with old melodies and folk-lore songs; it is treasurable by reason of the indubitable poetic value of every lyric rendered. Mr. Robertson has literally combed the musical brushwood of his native land. A tribute to the Celtic past (and present, for that matter) is paid through the medium of songs which belong definitely to the Irish tradition. It may seem rather strange to anyone who has been accustomed to identify Scotland with the sourest sermons of John Knox, to find on this choir's program a tribute to the music of "Merrie

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England" as well as gentle lyrics by Katherine Tynan and Joseph Campbell. The same universality and affection for the spiritually beautiful distinguishes the character of the rendition. Apart from all considerations of mere technique, the work of this choir is radiant and illuminating. As the conductor remarked, in a graceful little speech at the New York première, "the purpose is to interpret Scotland as a place where thought and poetry are at home." If this be Glasgow, let us have more of it!

JACQUES DUVAL, writer for the Parisian Journal, is a man of considerable courage. He has admitted that no amount of skyscrapers, taxis, subways, and theatres can turn a thriving city into a place for which a man would risk his bottom dollar and his last drop of blood. "Each morning I opened my newspaper, as heavy as a telephone directory, fearing to read a notice: 'In broad daylight a man smiled on the street; the police intervened.'" Mr. Duval saw New York, the best that America has been able to do. One hesitates to ask what his fancies might have been in other places. Hail a taxi and ride along—the man in front of you is more impassive than Washington Irving's statue (which at least changed its position). The street is a place where a lot of people are tracing sombre geometrical lines; the gazers-in at shop-windows never whistle; and even the leading clubs are less distinguished for ornate façades than for the line-up of dour faces which one can glimpse through their open windows on a warm day. Small wonder that musical comedies are popular. The precincts occupied by Mr. Ziegfeld and his ilk are about the only ones upon which a human being is permitted to be merry. Subway caverns have all the seriousness of the Catacombs, without anything of their precious inner radiance—or even their martyrs' tombs. Perhaps it is because martyrdom is so commonplace an affair along the "rapid transit" route. We should hurry to advocate a "smile day" for every populous village, were it not for a suspicion that the unprecedented effort might permanently distort countenances. One can understand why people have to live in such places. What is utterly incomprehensible is that anybody should want to. Perhaps the real reason is the thrill that comes from triumphantly wriggling into a seat on the way home. Human beings seldom remember the great maxim, "children, love one another," when they are given a world of opportunity in which to practise it.

READERS who take their knowledge of the middle-ages from Mr. Wells and his various mouthpieces, the latest of whom happens to call himself "William Clissold," are not likely to be shaken in their views by evidence which keeps cropping up to allay his picture of the "terrible epoch" as a huddle and muddle of dirt, darkness and discomfort, intensified, of course, by monkish obscurantism—a sort of trance of uncleanness and ferocity, waiting till science and the "stinks" department of South Kensington University should dawn. Yet so general is ignorance of the epoch, even among instructed readers who have no difficulty in piercing Mr. Wells's shallow improvisations of certainty, that occasional sidelights upon it, drawn from contemporary material, are worth preserving.

ONE, that we take the liberty to quote, occurs in a work entitled The Coming of the Friars Minor to England and Germany, translated from the Latin record of two Franciscan brothers who lived in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, through the scholarship and industry of Dr. E. Gurney Salter. We get the illuminating foot-note that "some English towns have till quite recently depended for their water supply on the conduits of the Friars Minor." There is other evidence of the care for popular well-being of the followers of the poor man of Assisi that we have not space to quote, though one Franciscan specific for good health—"work, sound sleep and a jest"—has not been bettered even by South Kensington. In this year of Franciscan celebration, Dr. Salter's interesting book is timely, and it is to be hoped that we shall see an American edition. It should take its place as a study of mediaeval popular life with the monographs of M. Boissonade and Vicomte d'Avenel, and many another scholarly study, of which our "Outliners," luckily for this own cocky self-complacency, never read a line.

THE eminent Fellowship Forum, a journal of which Washingtonians might justly be proud, recently contributed the following to the statistics regarding national defense: "Great forts of stone, cement and brick surround the national capital and command the principal approaches to Washington. Strategic spots suitable for artillery exist throughout the city and on eminences commanding all public buildings—all owned by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. This startling fact is definitely established by a recent survey of the District of Columbia by the research department of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals." That the board is now competent to discuss ordnance and strategy will come as a surprise to many. It is the last in a long series of achievements on behalf of good government now identified with official Methodism—a series to which Mr. Washington Pezet refers in the current Forum. "The Methodist Building," he quotes from a printed circular, "occupies a site which cannot be duplicated in Washington. It sustains the same relation to the Capitol that is sustained by the Senate Office Building." From the point of view of effective barrage fire, the site is probably not so admirable as some that might be named, but there are compensating advantages and, one might add, there is even something like a good bet, strategically speaking.

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"IT is from this centre," continues the circular, "that we are directing and promoting the cause of temperance, prohibition, and public morals on a national and international scale." Here are the heart and ganglia of a system of peaceful penetration which has choked and throttled American legislation as efficiently as Von Moltke choked and throttled the French at Sedan. Nor is this the sole redoubt controlled by the Methodist forces. Flanking the Capitol on another side is the Bliss Building, home of the Anti-Saloon League, which is "specifically the authorized interdenominational agency of numerous church bodies." The offensive carried on from this stronghold is sufficiently obvious to render comment superfluous. By comparison, the Catholic choice of sites must have been made by some shy and erratic genius who could think only in terms of gunpowder and long-range cannon. And of course, as everybody knows perfectly well, huge quantities of both of these are still stored in all Catholic churches! We cannot understand the shrewdness of the Methodist research department in getting at the secrets of ecclesiastical architecture.

THOSE who use the world war as a handy explanation for all the ills that afflict the world at peace, will not find much support for their thesis in the annual "Assembly Sermon" preached by Father C. C. Martindale of the Society of Jesus, before statesmen and League of Nations officials at the Geneva headquarters a few weeks ago, and of which the only adequate notice we have seen reaches us from the special correspondent of the London Universe. Amid all the special pleading, nebulous idealism, and general soft soap to which the League has been treated from the pulpit at recurrent intervals, Father Martindale's vital address shines by contrast. Briefly, he refuses to believe the war created any condition which was not latent already. What he does believe it did, was to test a fabric whose armature had, little by little, been allowed to shake loose, with the result that all the world is watching today. "I cannot think," declared the Jesuit speaker and writer, "that this personal disintegration, which clearly must issue in a social one, is merely the result of the war. . . . I think the insane unheaval of the war shattered the framework of convention which already was getting dislocated: and both men and women found that they had been acting within conventions and not from living principles." It is strange to find this staunch Catholic priest and clear thinker, reaching, from the spiritual approach, conclusions not very different to those of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who, in days when the statement had all the ring of paradox, found himself unable to pay any respect whatever to "popular religion, popular morality, or popular science."

ONE need not be a Catholic—one need hardly be a Christian—to see that the root of the evil is where Father Martindale squarely locates it—in the steady depression of individual responsibility which is the evil heritage of a century and a half of invasions by the all-obliterating state. But it is hard to see where else one, who denies the supernatural order or any moral law transcending that of the state, is to look for a remedy. For the evil has worked in two ways. At the very time it has reduced one anonymous unit, not buttressed by some ruling status, to an automaton, or Robot, whose sole function, in the hateful words used recently by Mussolini, is to be "a cell of the organism," it has provided a formula by which another, invested with power escapes criticism or discipline. Both are irresponsible, one by reason of his lowliness, the other by reason of his uplifting. Both elude control, the one by his obliteration in the mass, the other by his transfusion in the Empyrean. Meantime, the ethical conditions of world government have not changed. "There is no scheme," says Father Martindale, "no program, no equilibrium of weights, no sheaf of forces, however perfectly arranged, that cannot be defeated by men who have not in them the desire to be just, to be merciful, and even self-sacrificing." Seldom can the League of Nations have listened to an appeal more remorseless in its exposition of the roots of failure, more hopeful in its indication of the way back to success than this, the first assembly sermon to be preached by an Englishman who happens to be also a Catholic and a Jesuit.

THE BATTLE IN GOTHAM

THE righteous protest of the delegates from Herkimer County notwithstanding, the New York Republican Convention dissolved enthusiastically. It had not compromised on the wet and dry issue; it had hewed to the line in so far as state policies were concerned. Everybody was free to conclude that for the nonce Republicanism was content to risk a certain amount of provincial bickering and resentment for the sake—the all-important sake—of making an excellent impression on the metropolis. In New York City, through its mammoth political organizations, the character of the state government is to be decided, the name of the next United States senator is to be spelled out, and in all likelihood the chances of one candidate for the presidency are to be determined. Thus the Republicans, on the field of Gotham, are staging a contest at which the nation gazes watchfully.

But there is really only one issue—Al Smith. Other things may be used to disguise this fact. It may be averred that the coming state reorganization will provide Tammany, if the slate it favors is elected, with an unprecedented opportunity to reap spoils and reward its henchmen. A minority of taxpayers might legitimately complain that government which is genuinely popular costs a lot of money. Even older or more local matters might be dug up and exhibited as

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warnings to the electorate. But the name Smith, in this instance, covers, not only a multitude of sins, but also a multiplicity of virtues. These have been attested to by friends and foes alike. The speech which nominated the Governor for his fifth term was flattering indeed, but it merely stated a little less compactly what Nicholas Murray Butler, dean of Republicanism, told the Columbia University public last June. If New York should repudiate Al Smith, it would beat an incomprehensible retreat from its own political high-water mark; if it cheerfully endorses him, there will be a real candidate for the highest national office.

No other candidate would, however, present so definite and direct a figure. If compromise is really a necessity in politics—and, incidentally, Senator Wadsworth seems to feel that it is—then Al Smith will enter the national arena without one powerful weapon. There is no other Democrat of the same stature. There is nobody else with the same record, not to mention the same magnetic name. But the Governor of New York would instantly align against himself the following prominent elements:

The foes of liquor modification, wheresoever they may be. Smith is, with the exception of Governor Ritchie, the only candidate of importance before the public whose attitude toward Volsteadism has been frank and consistent. With him the Democratic party would be outspokenly a "wet" party and no mistake about it.

The rank and file of those who do not "believe that government is intended to help those who cannot help themselves." They are fairly numerous. As a matter of fact, they may still be said to remain rather definitely in control of American public opinion.

The great army of those who are convinced that a member of the Catholic Church ought not to be entrusted with the presidency. This army is far-flung and enjoys a rather long and obvious tradition. It is not a highly intellectual organization, but it does vote and does seat its captains in high places and in political conventions.

The enemies of New York as an influence in the guidance of national affairs. These people are not all yokels nor are they uniformly worried about the "sinful city." To some extent, their distrust of eastern domination is founded upon the very things which have afforded opposition to Al Smith in the past, but they may not always be able to distinguish clearly.

The personal following of William Randolph Hearst, to whom the Governor issued a challenge of battle when he insisted that the State Convention endorse the World Court. But though this following is resolute, it is not really redoubtable.

Are these elements powerful enough to prevent the nomination, or later the election, of the man they would unalterably oppose? Here is the question to which all citizens who reflect upon politics are gradually veering round. It is so large, so baffling, so dangerous in its ramifications that the New York scene is colored by a peculiar form of abstention. Despite the things at stake, no prominent speaker from outside the confines of the commonwealth will venture to discuss them. A queer hush seems to have stricken down all the golden voices. The cause is probably Volsteadism, magnificent dampener of political free speech, but there are other causes also. "The big and brainy men, the bold and forthright men, the dauntless orators who do not fear the face of man and who never hesitate to utter and stand by their deep convictions," comments the New York Times editorially, "will carefully avoid a place where they might be called upon to say what they actually think." Who doubts that they are very wise? It may be that Al Smith will some day have the opportunity to declare that he wished rather to be upright than president. But for the sake, among other things, of honest political diction in the United States, we sincerely hope that he may be both. Meanwhile, New York State remains something like an index to the general American public mind. What is said and done within its confines may not be conclusive, but it is at least evidence.

SPANISH ASCENDANCY

WRITING in the exceptionally interesting German review Abendland, Dr. Artigas outlines the important new orientation of the Spanish mind. He considers the Napoleonic wars critical in the history of his country because they introduced a long period of internal strife, colonial defections, and intellectual hostilities. Defining the last he remarks: "Some rallied round the banner of the Revolution and believed they could solve the problems of Spain by simply transferring French culture across the Pyrenees, without regard for tradition or history. The others—the traditionalists—were quite as extreme, because they did not recognize the vital principle of the things they were defending. They grappled their souls to the superficies of the past, desperately afraid of all new ideas and attributing the decline of their country to change." This sharp and fatal cleft between views of culture lasted through the lifetime of the great scholar Menéndez y Pelayo and down to the close of the nineteenth century.

At this time, writes Dr. Artigas, young university men began to see the need for some kind of compromise. Therefore many who had gone to German, French, or English universities for higher education, founded organizations having for their primary object the affiliation of Spanish scholarship with the general trend of thought in Europe. The "Junta para ampliación des Estudios" was the most important of these, and founded circles for the study of history, language, and literature. Then came the great war, "giving Spanish thought time and opportunity to re-

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view more profoundly the bases of the national culture. It became apparent that European civilization was not all nimbus, even though its progress in method is admirable." The final result was a reawakening of the national confidence, and of a new interest in the affairs of South America. Spanish academicians now teach in Hispanic universities, even while the schools from which they came furnish abundant proof of awakened intellectual life in the mother country. Dr. Artigas draws particular attention to the "increasing scientific achievement of the Spanish clergy, as exemplified by a number of distinguished periodicals."

If all this is interesting when applied to Spain, it is of even greater importance to us because of the possible effect upon Latin America. There, as everywhere else in the world, a culture—a civilization—is absolutely essential. And those who promote this, with whatever modifications or additions, will necessarily continue to draw strength from the mother source, wedding to their colonial and often primitive circumstances the renascent strength of an old race. No amount of will-power will ever make the United States the civic model of Latin America, because race, tradition, language, and aspiration are all different. It is, in fact, astonishing how tenaciously even "liberal" citizens of Chile or the Argentine cling to time-honored customs and transmitted ideas. A privilege which once belonged to the crown of Castile is cherished tenaciously by the most modern of the cientificos.

As a consequence, the awakening life of Spain is sure to have a great and salutary effect upon the old colonies. They, too, have been stifled by the death grapple between stark conservatism and unbounded progress. In them, as in the mother country, extremists were forever setting the world on fire or freezing it stiff. The average revolutionary in Latin America has been a person—or a member of the "Loges"—who fancied that the world might well be beautifully pink because it had once been gorgeously red. Contact with Anglo-Saxonism seldom modified this shallow apostle of change. He went back and donned his Spanish mental costume as tranquilly as if he had never been out of it. Nor were the conservatives, for their part, very much wiser. They borrowed a few weak social principles, a handful of random original ideas, from Europe and then seemed content with setting them neatly upon paper. All the really constructive, the abidingly valuable, work in South America has been done in the spirit of Spain.

If there is now to be a rebirth, the United States ought to be the first to view it with acclaim. We have nothing to fear, everything to gain, from the change. A few may be stunned by the sight of a Spain which they believed dead suddenly "raising herself like a strong man after sleep." But these are only such as have never cared to understand or profit by history, and in whom certain romantico-reformatory myths have taken the place of intellectual vertebrae.

CLOSING THE DANTE CONTEST

"CHAOS himself, even the chaos of Milton, is not surrounded with more confusion, nor has a mind more completely in a hubbub, than I experience at the present moment," said the poet, William Cowper, in a moment of friendly confidence. The judge of an essay contest is likely to wish he could remember those words and quote them effectively. But though Dante essays in great number have come into this office, necessitating a considerable expenditure of effort and punctiliousness, the total result of the contest has been most encouraging.

Many eminent Dantean scholars in all parts of the world have sent in their contributions. Some of the papers received undoubtedly contain information never published before. Still more noteworthy, however, is the proof of deep interest in the Divine Comedy manifested by people in all walks of life who have hitherto seldom appeared in print. Almost every state in the Union, European nations like England and Italy, and far-off countries such as New Zealand and South Africa are represented. Best of all, scarcely any of the papers submitted are trivial or without value. The Commonweal contest, it is safe to say, brought to light a deeper and wider interest in the work of Dante than has been evoked by any other medium.

We would draw attention to what this means. The age, according to the run of critics, is superficial, materialistic, and flippant. But surely Dante is none of these things. Both the intellect and the emotions of man were the objects of his long, relentless pursuit. In more ways than one he is the encyclopaedist of humanity who wrestles exactingly with all its being and its problems, and who requires a good deal of those who would discuss life with him. Even such a matter as carefully reading through necessary Dantean commentary will consume many an afternoon and evening. But our contest proves how large is the number of those who, without making the study of the poet an object of professional endeavor, have read and meditated carefully upon work which Matthew Arnold, for instance, accepted as the norm for the judgment of all important literature and which a Sovereign Pontiff crowned as the most magnificent poetic expression of the spirit of Christendom. There are some who profess to believe that Dante is a waning star. These are those who will themselves soon be utterly dead.

It is important that interest in this master of European thought and art should increase. Without arrogance, we hope that The Commonweal will have served to promote this end. Meanwhile, we trust that those who have given so much of their time and energy to the preparation of papers will not be disturbed at the delay which may be required in reaching a decision. The proportions assumed by the endeavor prove so much larger than anything we had anticipated that our practical powers are taxed to the utmost.

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SAN FRANCISCO

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS YOUNG

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

HIS Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, sings Mass this week in Mission Dolores, San Francisco. Scores of Catholic bishops and priests from all parts of the United States will be in the church. The ceremony itself is the spiritual centre of the four days of celebration with which San Francisco commemorates its one hundred and fiftieth birthday. There will be public meetings in the huge civic auditorium. There will be an historical pageant, with soldiers, sailors, and the members of fraternal organizations and church societies, of all creeds, participating. There will be (there is bound to be!) a public dance, but the Mass in Mission Dolores is the soul of the celebration.

There is something more than coincidence—there is a symbolic appropriateness, surcharged with manifold suggestions, in the appearance of the Cardinal of New York at the altar in Mission Dolores. One hundred and fifty years ago, when the grey-robed friars chanted their Mass on the shore near the Golden Gate, and the sword of Spain was thrust into the soil in the sign of ownership, there was another group gathered on Harlem Heights, New York, surrounding Washington and facing the army of Lord Howe. This second group was concerned with something more important than the founding of a city—it was founding a nation. The Declaration of Independence had been made two months before. The colonies had cast off forever their allegiance to the king who had failed his people. Spain was aiding Washington with money, arms, and experienced officers loaned to the Continental army. At the same time, Spain was taking advantage of her last opportunity, as it seemed, to re-establish her colonial empire in America. England's sea power had swept her ships from the oceans. Colony after colony had been ravaged from her. In those left, in Mexico, and in South America, the seeds of revolution were flowering in swift revolts. The founding of San Francisco was part of a vain effort to avert the coming doom. Yet perhaps no statesmen living at that time could have foreseen that it was not to be England, or Russia, that was to thrust Spain from the western rim of North America, but the new nation then coming into being on the Atlantic side of the continent.

Nearly all the movements of American migration and expansion, when graphically traced on the map of the United States, as the historian, Dr. Herbert F. Bolton, has shown us, tend to come together at the Golden Gate. As early as 1866, that astute British statesman and traveler, Sir Charles Dilke, pointed out that London and New York were bound some day to be rivaled by San Francisco. And long before he spoke, the same idea had been expressed in other words by the Franciscan fathers. Two years before the founding of San Francisco, Father Pedro Font, on March 28, 1774—the Father Font who bore the Cross before the sword of Anza across the deserts and mountains from Mexico to the Golden Gate, in one of the most marvelous marches related in history—recorded in his diary the first of the many prophecies concerning the future greatness of San Francisco.

Oh, these Franciscans! Poets and lovers of nature were they, sharing the spirit of their founder in this respect as well as his zeal for the conquest of souls. Saint Francis, he who in the gaiety of his heart fiddled upon a stick picked up on the road, and trolled the love ditties of his turbulent youth (only now in honor of a greater love) he who chanted the incomparable psalm to his brother the sun, bequeathed an undying sympathy with natural beauty and human joy to his followers. Think of the heroic Serra, painfully dragging his lame leg in those terrible walks between Mexico and San Francisco, full of enormous cares and responsibilties, not only a great colonizer, a prince of missionaries, but engaged all the while in the even more arduous pursuit of personal sanctity (Serra can never be properly appreciated save by those who see in him the saint as well as the pathbreaker and the founder)—think of him, I say, pausing to note in his hurried letters to his fellow-workers that he found "flowers many and beautiful."

So, too, Father Font. Even while his mind glowed and expanded with his vision of the great city of the future, he sketched a charming vignette, the "very green flowery table-land abounding in wild violets." He coined a word, "deliciocisima"—like a true artist—to fit his impression, a unique and thrilling impression, produced by the unique quality of San Francisco's scene. His practical judgment saw that the port showed wondrous opportunities for shipyards and quays; but, also, his artistic soul did not fail to notice that it was magically beautiful.

And centuries before the Franciscans, there was Montalvo's prophetic divination of California's soul: which abides in San Francisco. You will find it in The Deeds of Esplandian, the Son of Amadis of Gaul (one of the books which lit the immortal fantasy of Don Quixote) published in 1510, eighteen years after Columbus discovered America. In one of his reports to Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus gave the name of Earthly Paradise to the beautiful mesa region near

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the headquarters of the Orinoco River. Montalvo, the novelist, seized upon the suggestive name. He drew forth his pen instead of the sword, embarked upon the galleon of reverie instead of an actual ship, and, a quarter of a century before Cortés saw this golden land and longer still before Cabrillo landed at San Diego, Montalvo discovered California, and named it, too, leaving it to others to actualize his spiritual conquest. "Know then," reads his story, "that on the right hand of the Indies there is an island called California, very close to the side of the terrestrial paradise."

No Californian will gainsay that latter description unless it might be contended by the more ardent lovers of the state that it is the earthly paradise itself!

"Of this wonderful land, where precious gems were in great abundance and where the only metal was gold, Calafia was queen, and after her the land was named. Of her, it was said that she was very large in person, the most beautiful of all, of blooming years, and in her thoughts desirous of achieving great things, strong of limb and of great courage."

Since Montalvo, tons of ink have been used in writing about California, but has any writer ever bettered or even equaled his clairvoyant description of its spirit? "Most beautiful, of blooming years, and in her thoughts desirous of achieving great things, strong of limb and of great courage!"

Thus did fancy and fable not merely discover, but create the truth! And fable and fantasy are mingled and intermingled with facts in the chronicles of San Francisco. It is indeed a laudable and necessary thing for the properly qualified experts to disengage the facts from the fantasies—but such pundits should not complain if few besides themselves turn zestfully to feed human hearts that long for the quickening breath of life, upon cold slabs of meticulously certified records. For the facts of history do not thrive, do not live and move and have vital being, when cut off from their roots in the rich soil of human passions and placed away from the vitalizing sunshine of the spiritual motives which move them and explain them. They are then like dried-up, withered, odorless flowers stiffly glued upon cards by botanists, very useful to feed bookworms withal, but repellent to others.

Truth is not merely a matter of fact. Truth is the spirit which underlies all appearances and materializes in facts and deeds; truth is a hidden force, and facts are only modes of its operations. Facts are the outward signs which express the inward life of truth. A characteristic legend or tradition or fable concerning a city (or a man) when rightly interpreted, will often express more truth than barrels of statistics. Facts are the bones, the sinews, and the veins, of the body of history, while legends and fabulous ascriptions mingle their influences in its blood and in its soul, giving color and life and bloom and perennial beauty to its face.

While much original research work remains to be done in establishing the history of San Francisco—which, in essence, is the history of California—upon solid and definitive foundations, the main labor is accomplished. It is hardly possible that any fundamental facts remain to be unearthed. What is left to do is the rounding out, the amplification of the annals; the verification of disputed points; and, perhaps most important of all, the diffusion and the appreciation of San Francisco's unsurpassable romance, its multicolored pageant of the past, from its birth under the sign of the Cross and the shadow of the sword of Spain, down to the present: 150 years of ceaseless adventure.

It is a pageant of progress as well as a processional romance. Like Venice of old, San Francisco has known how to be a merchant prince among cities as well as a great adventurer. And the chronicles of its career not only scintillate with romance, they trace coincidentally the city's marvelous and solid material growth from a huddle of log huts and adobe walls, a mere pin-point of civilization in a wilderness on the outer edge of the earth, sundered by vast seas and tremendous deserts from all the great cities of America, to a city now the centre of a population of nearly a million souls, and destined speedily to become one of the three great cities of the United States.

What a story!

A love story, too, I hasten to add. For the most important thing about San Francisco is her ineluctable charm. Men love her with true passion. Or else she repels them utterly. She either stirs you to a hot and perdurable devotion or inspires you (supposing you are a drab and pusillanimous soul) with a queer kind of hatred, based upon a weak dread of her fascination. There are those who call her Babylon; but who has ever called her Laodicea? No; San Francisco is never lukewarm. She may strike you with a deathless love, or (if you are a bigot) with a holy horror, but she never leaves you cold or indifferent.

For San Francisco fully shares the mysterious quality of California, her mother—who "is most beautiful of all, of blooming years, and in her thoughts desirous of achieving great things." Her charm is as fully evident and equally indefinable. Like the monk's secret of green and yellow chartreuse, it defies scientific analysis, and, like that wine, exhilarates or intoxicates according to the wisdom employed in your enjoyment of its magic.

Like the human souls that constitute them, all cities differ one from another in temperament, character, and interest. You like or dislike this or that one as you like or dislike this or that person—often more or less mysteriously, sometimes quite unreasonably. Psychic affinities and repulsions control your affections, rather than matter-of-fact logic. There are cities that no amount of population, wealth, or material importance can make other than commonplace. They are the aggregate of all the dull, uninspiring mass of their anony-

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mous inhabitants. They are the cities of the crowd, by the crowd, and for the crowd; and the adventurer, the artist, and the pilgrim of romance pass them by. Not so with other cities—vivid cities, exciting cities, positive in personality—which, no matter how small or poor they may be, cut a dashing and dramatic figure amid their humdrum fellows. They play leading parts in the world-drama, instead of merely being political or commercial centres of a state or region. They belong to the aristocracy of cosmopolitan cities; while other communities, perhaps thrice their size and ten times as wealthy, are only big villages grown pot-bellied and double-chinned, with diamonds on their pudgy fingers, and plug hats, and expensive clothes. But never do you imagine them with a purple cloak.

San Francisco wears the purple cloak of beauty, of valiancy, of adventure, of romance. She could even wear a ragged purple cloak and lose no jot or tittle of her charm; indeed she has done so, not once, but many times.

Other cities stand above her in the list of the census, or surpass her in wealth, occupy more territory, have more famous baseball teams, turn out more millions of tons of sausages or hams, railroad steel, cotton goods, boots or shoes, or pills; but though the mark of the dollar may distinguish these, or the notoriety of mere size, or greasy commercial prosperity, how few there are whose names invoke the thrill of romance, or the invitation of adventure, the wistful pang of beauty remembered or desired, like the name of San Francisco!

She is named with the name of a poet and a saint, and though she may be more widely known for her poetical temperament than for the odor of sanctity—which is rather faint, I must admit—it is well to remember that Francis of Assisi was the most eminently human, temperamental, and blithe of all the saints in the calendar. And if a saint—who is no more, after all, than a hero of the quest for righteousness, as other men are heroes of other of the great quests of humanity—gave his name to her, be it also remembered that warriors and explorers, sailors and trappers, gold hunters and hunters of men, criminals and Utopian dreamers, adventurers of all sorts and conditions from all the ends of the earth, and the very pick and flower of American manhood contributed their splendid youth to her making, in a fashion which makes the story of San Francisco a uniquely romantic page in the history of our nation.

Also is it one of the most violent of passages. At times, this violence rises into delirium. Think of the red-hot, roaring fever of the gold rush. Remember the paroxysms of the Vigilante period. And the later vertigo of the graft prosecution! Nor are the terrible and tragic elements lacking. Consider how many times the city flared to the top of all its hills with flame, or was shaken and shattered by earthquake—culminating in the august disaster of 1906.

The atmosphere of adventure is as normal to San Francisco as culture and congregationalism used to be to Boston before the Irish captured Beacon Hill. Her Golden Gate has been and is today the portal of romance. Innumerable, the ships that have sailed out and in through it to Alaska, to Mexico, to Peru, from the Arctic to the Antarctic, to China, Japan, the Philippines, and all the known and unknown islands of the South Seas, on piratical, filibustering, seal-hunting, buried-treasure-seeking, pearl-diving or pearl-stealing expeditions—to say nothing about mere, legitimate trading ventures, to far-off, dangerous, and almost fabulous regions. Probably not since the building of the Tower of Babel did a more motley and cosmopolitan assemblage gather together than in the days of gold—Spanish, Mexican, Yankee, French, Russians, Chinese, Peruvians, Malays, Italians, Chileans, Turks, Germans, Irish, English, Mormons, and Kanakas. Other and greater world-cities—like London and New York—have within their gates an even more diverse collection of races and nationalities, but nowhere else are the signs and tokens of cosmopolitanism so evident and so full of color. One quality alone does San Francisco lack of those which mark a great city's national quarters, and that is squalor. This city could hardly be sordid or mean under any circumstances. There is too much wind and sunshine. The sky is too blue; the hills break up monotony; besides, there is nothing small or squalid in her temper. In short, this is a city with courage—of strong will, daring and debonair.

There is a tradition that says that from the altar of Santa Clara Mission, Father Magin Catala—famous throughout old California as "the prophet," or "the holy man of Santa Clara"—long before 1849 beheld in a vision and prophesied, not once, but many times, the rush of ships and men from all the ends of the earth, and the coming of the strange new flag which was to supplant the flag of Spain, and the springing up as if by magic of a vast city surrounding Mission Dolores—only, in the end, to be destroyed tremendously in earthquake and flame.

But the visionary failed to foretell the splendor of the resurrection—as many another prophet of a gloomy dispensation has omitted mention of the good times that follow the bad. San Francisco was given to America and the world by the Faith—and the Faith has kept her alive, and young with the eternal youth of the Faith. And if the soul of a city, like the soul of a man, contains inherited strains of temperament from its progenitors, then the joy and the delight in beauty, and the gay spirit of California may be traced back to the little poor man of Assisi, transmitted through the line of his spiritual sons to his latter-day children, with whom beauty and joy and art are real and desirable things, part and parcel of the city's wealth—and yet, on a hundred towers of church and school, convent and hospital, there also soars the Cross.

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A STUDY IN CHAOS

By THEODORE F. McMANUS

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. McManus, the second of which will appear in an early issue.—The Editors.)

FOR almost a century, modern civilization has been continuously subjected to the most microscopic scrutiny. Millions of men have engaged in an earnest and honest endeavor to find the flaws in the structure and suggest remedial measures. All of the contributing elements have apparently been examined, weighed, and measured with the most meticulous care. All of the arts and sciences have enlisted in the frantic search for a solution of the failure.

Only one large contributing element has escaped the microscope and the lash. By some seeming miracle of elusiveness, it has gone free. Christianity has certainly been considered a concomitant of civilization. But the particular phase of Christianity which leaves half of the population of the greatest nation on the globe to its own spiritual devices, has never once been adequately challenged as to its culpability. It has never occurred to anyone, apparently, that a principle which automatically dismembers, disrupts, and destroys may be a dangerous principle. It has been assumed, presumably, that the fault was with the faithful.

The temptation would be to assume at once that an oversight so monstrous must be due to the dominance of the sectarian population and, more especially, of the sources of dissemination. But the reason lies deeper than national and international dominance and the control of the schools and the press. It lies shallowly deep in the simple and silly assumption that all other things may be wrong, but that the release of the human intellect from all responsibility other than its own cannot possibly be wrong. And this is nothing more or less than vulgar pride of intellect.

Whether a sectarian or not, every non-adherent of Rome, unless he be an easterner, a Jew or an atheist, is still, for better or for worse, a protestant. Indeed, if he is sectless, he is the most logical and consistent sort of a protestant. He has merely pushed his premises to the last notch of progress this side of atheism. The urbane and superior Unitarian, with his implied denial of the divinity of Christ, does not differ in any important degree from the vulgarest evangelical who asserts that divinity with vocal and physical violence. The Unitarian has merely changed his manners and his wardrobe. The root principle is still protestant. All that he has accomplished is to emasculate his protestantism of some of its weird outcroppings.

It is well to remember in this connection that, broadly speaking, there are only two systems of thought in the western world—in spite of the innumerable isms and ologies to which one of the two systems has given birth. It is also important to remember that out of one or the other must issue the salvation of society. On one or the other every man must predicate his philosophy of life.

Life yields back to men in the aggregate the shape, the color, the shadow or the substance of their thoughts about it. Man is under a compulsion from which there is no escape, to take cognizance in some manner or other, in religious or irreligious terms, of himself, of his destiny, and of his God. Should he adopt the subterfuge of seeking refuge in mere nullity or nihilism, nullity and nihilism will in due time be rendered back to him and to the society in which he lives. He must take notice either by assent, or denial, or agnosticism, of the riddle of life. And, according as he decides, so in due time will that decision be translated into the civic and social structure which he erects.

The groanings of society arise from the aggregate sins and sufferings and errors of the individual units—and all of these, in the western world, have their source and origin in one of the only two attitudes toward life which the western world holds today. Of these two attitudes, one, for want of a more comprehensive caption, can be called sectarianism or self-determination as applied to man's estimate of his own origin and destiny.

Sectarianism, by everlastingly emphasizing the doctrine of religious self-determination, steadily drives the individual back upon himself. It never tires of assuring him of his own self-sufficiency in solving the eternal riddle. It ceaselessly ding-dongs into his ears the comforting assurance that he needs no intermediary between himself and his God. All that he has to do is to tumble all of the doctrinal and dogmatic lumber out of his cerebral attic and he is "all set," here and hereafter. It pronounces him gloriously free, and, with the same affectionate gesture, endeavors to hold him fast to some silly little sectarian program which it has already pronounced superfluous.

Man, with all of his faults, is a rational creature. He can sometimes detect a contradiction and an inconsistency when it apparently touches his well-being here, and may even affect his comfort in a dubious hereafter. When the sects anathematize all authority and say "full steam ahead" to his intellect, the average man takes them at their word. When, immediately afterward, they contradict themselves and ask him to subscribe to a little cult made up of free souls like himself, who are to hold their freedom in abeyance, in order that the cult may flourish, he frequently balks and withdraws. Or, if he consents to wear the sectarian phylacteries, he begins to squirm uneasily and

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ask what it is all about. He has been told that the free intellect is the only road to salvation. He has been assured, in effect, that he is his own judge and jury. He has been told that definiteness—which is another word for doctrines and dogmas—is not merely unnecessary, but an actual hindrance to the development of the spirit. He has been told that there is no authority higher than the authority of his own intellect. And, straightway, the little sect which has given him this glorious assurance, begins to exercise over him a pale, apologetic shadow of authority. Straightway, it begins to reinstate doctrines and dogmas, mumbling apologetically that they are not really doctrines and dogmas at all. Straightway, it begins to beguile him with soppy songs and soppy sermons and soft lights and stained glass and revolving crosses—and running through them all is a note of authority and command for which he can find no slightest trace of validity or justification.

Naturally, being a rational creature—even according to the most lugubrious of modern scientists—he rebels. As the saying is—he walks out on the show. He walks out in such numbers that he constitutes today more than one-half the entire population of the United States.

Now, what are these fifty, or sixty, or seventy million Americans—fifty, or sixty, or seventy million morons? Or fifty, or sixty, or seventy million straight-thinking, more or less logical-minded, consistent human beings? They have pushed the process of unloading the fast-disappearing supply of protestant dogmatic lumber to the point of cutting church-going out of their category of conduct altogether. Certainly none among their brethren can consistently complain of this. They were given a word; and they accepted a word. They were told they were free; and they exercised that freedom. They were told that dogmas were almost damnable, and then an attempt was made to hold them with dogmas. In deserting the sects, they are logically pursuing the protestant premise—the glorious principle of private judgment. The fifty, or sixty, or seventy million Americans who have rejected the churches, are merely exercising that privilege in their own way, as the Mormon exercises it in his.

It is not at all necessary to conduct periodical, solemn surveys to determine why the sectarian churches have been emptied of their congregations. The congregations have left because there was nothing left to hold them. The sectarian churches are empty because the sectarian creeds are empty—and they emptied themselves with loud curses on everything dogmatic, with vociferous paeans to the freedom of the human intellect.

If protestantism is true to the philosophy of private judgment, protestant congregations both in the city and the country must dwindle—and they have dwindled and they will continue so to do, no matter how many and how often saline solutions are applied. Indeed, if the entire body of adherents were severely consistent, there would be no protestant churches at all.

If ever there was ritual without reason, or mummery without meaning, it is the varied and various forms of brick, mortar, and millinery in which private judgment has decked itself out since its first clamorous appearance several centuries ago.

For more than a century, parson and professor have been repeating, parrot-like, the same superlatively stupid formula—free the intellect of man and the millennium will be at hand. The emancipating process has proceeded apace. In religion, it has released millions altogether from the disagreeable duty of going to church. It has stripped bare the churches themselves until nothing of slightest consequence remains but the Sunday sermon and the organ recital. The sermon has descended to the nadir of vulgarity and the very depths of latitudinarianism. All of the ancient handmaidens of religion were banished for a long period in the grim determination to be literal. The cross was ousted first and then everything else of beauty and sweet significance. Sacred art and sacred architecture, reverent ritual, lovely liturgy, all hallowed and rendered authentic and authoritative by the holiest tradition, were consigned to the dust heap—to come creeping back in a faint masquerade of their pristine significance as the sects found themselves brankrupt of human appeal. But worst of all, the Word itself was wounded, dismembered, distorted, and crucified under the remorseless, destructive process of individual interpretation. Gross misconceptions multiplied, clerical scholarship sank lower and lower, the very word heresy became a by-word and a mockery—so fast and so complex was the structure of contradiction and violent inconsistency reared in the name of the Scriptures and of Christ. Here the overemphasis was on faith; there faith was reviled; here hope was anathematized and there made the key-stone of the arch; here love was degraded into mawkish sentimentalism; there garbed in the robes of harsh and relentless justice.

Conduct and the human character changed with these violently changing malinterpretations of God's word. Queer sectarian types multiplied and still multiply—queer, unlovely lives sprouted the world over and left their imprint on the backwoods, the little town, the city, the state, the nation, and the world. There is no need to enumerate them—from the blood-letting Covenanter, the cruel and heartless Calvanist, the pious, persecuting Puritan, the frenzied and epileptic fanatic of a score of nearly inane sects down to the illiterate and feud-fighting mountaineer, and, very apex of the process of sectarian sterilization—the cold, respectable, successful, loveless and unloving infidel of the moment, they are recognizable wherever we look or read or listen or turn today. And still the parrot-shriek for freedom of the intellect goes on.

It echoes throughout the sectarian and so-called non-sectarian halls of learning the world over. In the name

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of the "glorious" principle of academic freedom—they are all dubbed glorious, these mock escapes from an imaginary and mythical thraldom—it has barred nothing and admitted everything to the enquiring mind of the student. It has sent him out into the world blinking and bewildered, cynical and disillusioned, doubtful and more than doubtful of God, patronizing and enquiring of Christ, lordly and superior of the "superstitions" surrounding the Christian theory—stripped of all of his defenses and then desperately endeavoring, without spiritual strength or spiritual weapon save his own poor self, to fight the heroic fight a man must fight before he can attain the knighthood of being a good son, a good husband, a good father, a good citizen, and a good man. The churches are free and stripped bare to the bone; the pulpits are stark free and utter any banality that occurs to them; the universities are free and complain bitterly of the barrenness of their human output; the professors are free and fly instinctively to the defense of any phase and form of infidelity; the laboratories are free and manufacturing travesties of man made in the image of his Maker—still the cry ascends to heaven—just a little more freedom and the millennium will be at hand.

THE PASSING OF PARTIES IN FRANCE

By ROBERT SENCOURT

FOR many months now, the politics of France have been the problem of the franc. Brought from the world of symbols to actual life, that means the question of the relation of the French to foreigners and the way the country will supply the resources of the state. This is indeed a change from two or three years ago when the only thing that swayed the political situation was the relation of France to Germany.

It is possible that a reaction against the excessive nationalism of the Poincaré government had its share in the elections of 1924; but the result of those elections, which put the Left back into power, came as a complete surprise even to those that won them. The stronger motive was the intention of Poincaré to apply new taxes, meaning an increase of 20 percent on small incomes, and still more, his admirable intention to cut down the number of small officials. These little people got together, and alarmed all their friends and relations. The influence of their persuasive numbers was extraordinary, and made itself more felt in the villages and country districts. Here, too, the small proprietors, who were the chief supporters of capitalism, the class who owed its status to that enactment of the Code Napoléon which compels every parent in France to divide three-quarters of his or her property among the children of his or her marriage, feared encroachments on their prosperity. These were the things that led to the swing from the Right, from Republicans and Nationalists, to the Left, labor, internationalism, anticlericalism. And it was made effective by two things: by the combination of all the parties of the Left into a federation which is called the Cartel des Gauches, or more generally, the Cartel; and by the uncompromising attitude of M. Herriot, who insisted on the resignation of M. Millerand, a president whose sympathies were with the Right, so that his place was taken by the radical, M. Doumergue.

It will be remembered how soon M. Herriot alienated the sympathies of the country, first, by giving permission to print notes when he had no legal authorization, so that he got the name of faux monnayeur or coiner; and second, by his attitude toward the Church. This immediately organized against him a powerful party which pervaded the whole country; it lost him the confidence of sensible Frenchmen who, though not practising Catholics, saw in the Vatican a support to France in peril; and it profoundly disturbed Alsace and Lorraine. These were the things that, in spite of the good work he had done with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald in relation to Germany, led to the fall of M. Herriot. Who was to succeed? The question was intensely complicated, and to realize the confusion in which French politics have been since 1924, it is necessary only to analyze the result of the May elections of that year. Not only was there no definite party system, but the different groups were so broken that among the 556 members not more than 162 could be assigned to any one group.

The Extreme Right, comprising Nationalists, extreme Conservatives and Royalists, had 25 members, including M. Léon Daudet and M. Le Cour Grandmaison. The Right Centre, grouping the Republican and Democratic parties, had 162 members, including General de Castelnau and Louis Marin. It also claimed the group of Republican and Social action, which had 46 members, including Bokanowski and Joseph Barthelemy. This makes the total on the Right 233.

The Left included the group of the Republicans of the Left—54 members, including M. Loucheur and M. André Tardieu; and the group of the Republicans and Democrats of the Left—83 members, including M. de Castellane and Raoul Péret. In addition, it could claim the Left Centre, or group of Radical and Radical Socialist parties, with 83 members, including M. Herriot and M. Klotz; the group of the Socialist party, with 31 members, including M. Briand and M. Painlevé; the group of the Unified Socialist party, that is the French section of the International Labour

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party, with 50 members, including M. Léon Blum and M. Paul Boncour; and the Extreme Left, comprising the Communist party, with 13 members, including M. Marcel Cachin. The Left deputies' total was, therefore, 301. Add to these the deputies really independent—Mandel (Clemencist), Marc Sangnier (Christian Democrat)—and the grand total was 556, of which 301 were certainly Left.

It is easy to see from these figures how, once the Cartel was disturbed, as it was last year by the fall of Herriot on April 10, how difficult it would be to insure a stability of government. And in this connection, it is necessary to consider the causes of the franc falling. It was not, as in Germany a few years ago, a thing engineered to suit the big financiers; it was in no way a result of a political panic or commercial weakness; but coming out of the inflation of the war, it was a downward tendency, mainly owing to evasion of taxes, and so to gradual inflation, which this year became a slide, because the masses of the people who had always looked forward to a recovery of the franc to par realized that the money of the country was not a sound investment. Then they sought all means to sell. The franc became totally undesirable, and the lower it fell, the less people wanted it. When this tendency became marked, it interrupted trade, and in July the balance of trade for the month was for the first time against France, because forward buying was in the currency of the country where it was made, and France lost on the transaction. Lastly, the political situation was more and more unsettled as the franc became more and more uncertain, and a quite artificial instability upset the country. Each fall naturally meant a closer approach to panic.

The statement of the note issue on April 3, 1925, which was officially given out to be 40,900,000,000 francs, was proved to be a fictitious one, due to collusion between M. Clémentel and the Bank of France. The real volume of circulation was 43,000,000,000 francs. Taking this figure as the basis, a comparison may be made of the increase between April 10, 1925, and June 15, 1926, in the note issue, in the quotation of the franc as against the pound, and in the cost of living respectively as follows:

	Percentage increase:
Note issue	24
Franc on the pound	93
Cost of living	35

From this it may be seen that the value of the franc has fallen in far greater proportion than the note issue has increased, though this increase is at the bottom of the want of confidence which has produced the fall in the franc. It will also be seen that the cost of living, though it has risen appreciably, has lagged far behind the fall in the franc. But though it has come more slowly, the rise in the cost of living is there just the same, and panics in relation to the currency were a terrible blow to French pride. They had affected her relation both to Germany and to Italy, but they meant also a suspicion of both England and America.

It was in negotiating a debt with England that M. Péret came to grief in the middle of June; it was after negotiating a loan with England that M. Caillaux fell on July 15. But the fact is, that the spending of American money had already got on the nerves of Parisians. A number of Americans, some of them very rich, come to Paris every summer, and spend, not without ostentation, considerable sums of money. As much as a thousand francs is given during the season as a tip to secure a table in the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs in the Champs Elysées. In the sixteenth arrondissement, which is the fashionable quarter, prices are not so far beyond those of England or Germany: they almost keep pace with the franc. And prices in one quarter disturb another. Now from long ago in French history, the temper of the Parisian populace has had an effect on the Central government out of all proportion to its numbers in relation to the inhabitants of the country as a whole. The fall in the franc, showing itself with more than usual rapidity in relation to the prices, accounted for the fall of M. Péret, as afterward for the fall of M. Herriot and M. de Monzie.

But between those two are the great constitutional questions which are leading to the ultimate passing of democracy in France, as it has passed for good and all in Italy and Spain. Such is, not unnaturally, the moral which Signor Enrico Corradini, the Fascist, at once drew in Italy. "Whatever ministry is formed in France today," he said, "in the present parliamentary conditions, would fall in a few days, in a few weeks, without having accomplished anything. It is not the ministries which fall in France today. It is the régime which has fallen. The parliamentary régime is false and no longer worthy of discussion."

Such are the words of one of Mussolini's Italians, but they are felt today by a great and increasing number of Frenchmen. For months past, France has been getting used to the idea: M. Camille Eymard in his very successful book, Communisme ou Fascisme: Français, il faut choisir, argued that between the horrors which Russia and Hungary have known since the war, and which Paris itself knew in the time of Marie Antionette, there is no effective barrier but a dictatorship, a dictatorship which out of confusion and panic had brought order and prosperity to Italy. The same idea has been presented in a religious coloring by Arnold Mascarel and Count Arborio Mella in their interesting book, France et Italie, where the movement is made to mean the defense of Latin civilization against a Teutonic communism: so that France and Italy should act together forcefully to defend their heritage, as it has been becoming more and more familiar in the intransigent monarchist paper, L'Action Française, edited by Léon Daudet, as well as in the Republican conservative paper, Liberté. But it was argued with

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especial force in the French Fascist paper, Le Nouveau Siècle, edited by Georges Valois. But there was no great leader in the movement, no one able to follow the example of Mussolini and Primo de Rivera.

In wrecking the tenth Briand government on July 17, Right and Left combined to fight for the parliamentary system, and their own stake in it, against a system which would have led away from it to the Fascist principle of executive efficiency. The speeches on either side were violent, and Briand himself burst into tears: he thought it the ruin of France. But the voting is itself significant of Parliament's belief in its own supremacy: the numbers were 288 against 243.

In the grave crisis which ensued, M. Poincaré was summoned to make a nationalist ministry: it included, with Poincaré, five former prime ministers—Briand, Herriot, Leygues, Painlevé, and Barthon. It was known as a ministry of all the talents. Its election was followed by an enormous improvement of the franc.

What are its tasks? Still, as ever, to stabilize the franc, by really insisting on taxation, by using, where necessary, the gold reserve of the Bank of France which is still worth over a thousand million dollars, and by a due adjustment with foreign countries of both debts and trade. Of all these, the collection of taxes requires the greatest energy, for immense numbers of the people, by one means or another, have evaded them. But though this means an escape in one way, it catches them in another, for depreciation of the currency is merely a form of capital levy on those whose money is not invested in something directly productive, but in deposits, mortgages, loans, or even the stocking, a form of saving which is still popular amongst masses of the peasants. But no one need fear ruin for the country. If there were a single decisive leader, France would undoubtedly become Fascist: but there seems to be no trace of such a man. The Parliament, however, ceases to be a critical body when it represents all parties. France has already declared for what all nations need in a crisis, executive power as against the parliamentary system.

Meanwhile, of course, the country has done very well by the adventitious aid of her depreciated currency, which has been helped by the credits for reconstruction in the war areas, which helped the home market as much as the easier competition in prices helped France abroad. These things will pass, and a strain will come on France again; but when that strain comes, it will be found that she is prepared to meet it in a way she never was before. She is developing her water power; she has increased her production of coal; she is getting more out of her land; she is catering for her own needs from manufacturers, and by adopting American methods of skilled production on a large scale and by the combine of industries into one effective producing organism, she has a capacity and a competitive power that she never had before.

IT IS ALL VERY ODD

By MARY KOLARS

I HAVE long wished that "some power wad"—but for a reason exactly opposite to that advanced by Burns. I cannot but feel that the juxtaposition (admittedly disturbing) of the small, horrendous, grey insect and the heroine of his poem betrayed the great Scotch poet into a piece of cynical sententiousness unworthy of his more robust acceptances of life.

However true it may be at scattered moments, that to see ourselves as others see us would produce a proper sobering of our too ebullient egotism, there is not meat enough there for a generalization. The facts are very much the other way. It is overwhelmingly more true that each of us is a unique and beautiful sight, and that, by a doom difficult to explain, each of us is barred from the immediate artistic enjoyment of his own uniqueness and beauty. The uniqueness and beauty of others are directly apparent to us; our own we must take largely on faith. I imagine this may be true of our immortal part, as well, and that, after death (which, like a good physician, will heal the inadequacy in our vision of ourselves) most of us are in for a pleasant surprise. However, let theologians say whether this is so or not. Here, in via, the facts are unquestionably as I have affirmed them to be.

Indeed, the perversity of our destiny goes beyond the matter of looks, and follows us into all the fields of experience. Our most perfectly savored pleasures are vicarious. Watch someone dress, draw, ride, read, sew, sleep, or indulge in any other human occupation, and you will see what I mean. Or read about someone doing these things, preferably in Dickens among the older writers, or Katherine Mansfield among the new. Is it not true that, thus viewed, the simplest actions take on an enchantment which you will try in vain to capture for your own existence?

I first felt the impact of this truth years ago, when I was still in college. My study-windows looked directly into those of the opposite wing of the dormitory, and so it came about that any morning I had but to lift my eyes to see another studying. My own reaction to the business of grubbing knowledge was so poignantly painful that I can recall it now as if I had closed my books for the last time only yesterday. Its two poles were, unillumined, gruelling labor, and—what was often even worse—rare glimpses of It which racked and exhausted me in the vain attempt to follow. All between was a waste of torn papers, illegible notes, and distasteful assignments in German. Yet see what, all this while, was happening across the way! Day after day, my neighbor sat at her desk, absorbed and tranquil. Her hair was neatly brushed, her white collar and cuffs were irreproachable. She followed her text with effortless attention, now and again pausing to make notes. Ordinarily there was nothing fascinat-

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ing about notes: one took them as a concession to necessity, but without enthusiasm. But these notes were somehow different. There was a charm in her sure method of setting them down, a certain creative finality. One said to oneself: "How delightful! I, too, will take notes!" Here, in short, there was no doggedly knitted brow, no futile anguish of soul, no tormenting half-idea. All was equable and full of purpose. She was on excellent terms with Pallas and the Owl.. It was the very perfection of study.

I spoke out my envy to her one day, and it was the sombre fury of her repudiation which opened my eyes. She seemed to feel that I was not only stupid but slightly inhuman, as well—as if the sufferings which she endured at her study-table were so distressing in their nature and so evident in their manifestations that to pass them over unperceived, as I had done, argued a lack of ordinary, decent sensibility. It was then that I suddenly saw the truth: In this universe, part depends on part, and soul on soul, and my neighbor was an unconscious artist, told off by (to use the phrase we were fondest of at the time) "whatever gods may be" to stage a bit of the ideal for my benefit. It might even be that our relations were reciprocal, and that I was an unconscious (a very unconscious) artist, told off to stage a bit of the ideal for hers. I did not pursue the inquiry so far: but I did speak of this whole matter of vicariousness to a woman much older than I, a wise, poetic woman of the world, who said:

"You are right. I notice it chiefly in matters of the toilette. From a child, I have taken delight in watching others dress. Dainty creams in snowy jars, silver brushes, faintly perfumed waters, bottles rosy and violet, gold-stoppered and translucent, delicate powder-puffs, curious pins for catching up scarves and laces—all find me as susceptible as Pope ever was. And to see these things put to their appointed uses—to watch a toilette built up with these fairy tools—is, I have always felt, a really high artistic privilege. How soft are the coils [recollect, this was years ago] of another's hair! How deftly they are caught back with the comb! What pleasure to watch the pins put in, to hear, even, in the intervals of silence which the delicate absorptions of dressing make necessary, their smooth, almost inaudible passage to their places! Yet," continued my friend sadly, "dressing myself is a dreary business. Something always lets in the daylight on the process. My laces never 'fall.' My silks never 'cling.' My hair never, never coils smoothly, or lets itself be caught back by 'a deft twist of the wrist.' It is not a rite before a snowy altar; from first to last, it is just dressing—disenchanted, hurried, halted impatiently for a missing clasp, shot through with preoccupations left over from the day, or anticipations of dinner."

And all my subsequent life has been filled with parallel examples. Authors, for instance, have fascinated me by saying, "I'm at my desk every day at eight, and write for five hours." What captivating simplicity! All the subtle difficulties of the literary art seem to have been met and defeated. You merely sit (at your desk) and write for five hours daily—and there you are! Yet I have tried it, and for me the spell is barren. Writing remains the same knotty, drudging work, all its peculiar horrors quite untouched by the possession of a desk and the fact of beginning at the magic hour of eight.

I have watched people do many things—knit, write letters, cut roses. It is all the same. As they do it, it has the unity and pleasurable appearance of classic achievement; as I do it myself, it is insipid or a bore or a task in the heroic performance of which I get overheated and pricked. It is perhaps a degree less enthralling to watch one's fellow-mortals eat. But consider food in literature, especially English literature. Reread Lamb's dissertation. Recall Lucy Desborough's dewberries, and Emma Woodhouse's scalloped oysters. Or take the meals set forth by the great commissary of English letters, Charles Dickens—the kidney pies, the egg-hots, the glorified bread and cheese. Recall the immortal feast David Copperfield gave Traddles and the Micawbers. Do you imagine that there is such punch anywhere, not merely this side of the Atlantic, but this side of paradise? Or do you hope that somewhere, after years of toil and meriting, you will find, in an unknown valley or a cloudy city, a devil such as those four made and consumed around the fire—covered, you will remember, with salt, pepper, mustard, and mushroom ketchup?

Do not believe it. It is a delusion. About that banquet hung a spirit—an essence—a something—which will forever escape you. It is all very odd.

Fire

We used to say when rain-pools dried
The water went to heaven side,
But when the embers broke and fell,
We said the fire had gone to hell,
And even yet there's no one knows
Where all the flying color goes.
The water comes to life again
Within its Easter shower of rain,
But all those flames that leapt and shone,
Where are they gone? Where are they gone?
The air is rich with ghosts of fire
That watch the living with desire,
And if the home of such be hell,
It is not well. It is not well.
For all the saints would linger by
To watch the soft flames shake and fly
As once on seawood nights they flew,
Updarting birds of green and blue.
And if one heard a moan, a call,
What saint would have his peace at all?
Whate'er in hell may lick or flow,
It's not the simple fires we know.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

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POEMS

To My Father

(Who Accused Me of Idleness)

Yes, there is little that I seem to do,
I have no strength for marching in the long
Procession of the builders of the world.
I sit in solitude, and sing one song
After another, though few have an hour
To pause and listen to me. Yes, I sit
In seeming idleness, but in my heart
Battles are fought and lost; the lamps are lit
Over and over for the stricken hopes
That cannot find their way; the watch is kept
At every death-bed of a passing dream,
The prayers are chanted, and the tears are wept.

You would not ask a flower to tear its roots
Out of the sod and walk upon the sea,
Nor call upon a stone to rise, and sing,
Nor ask a bird to solve the mystery
Of life or death; and I am one of these,
With limitations, and my gift of song.
What miracle do you demand of me?
I bear exhaustions that do not belong
To those that carry burdens visible
To every eye, and I shall have a need
Of rest as much as any other one
That's lain below the thistle and the weed.
I shall be worn and white as anyone,
Shall have my own scars and bewildered tears,
Shall be, at last, with all my dreaming done,
As idle as I've seemed these many years.

HELENE MULLINS.

At Mary's Shrine

It is warm here; it is warm and strangely sweet
Here in the grotto softened with candle blur;
Mary, the Mother, is sad; I kneel at her feet,
And lift my heart, wine in a cup, to her.

One's heart could be brimmed with love for giving away,
And one could wander forever, could vainly plod
Through endless space with the cry, "I am seeking Beauty,"
Or one could know, "I am only seeking God."

This is the end of a trail: this soft white peace
Lit with her loveliness when the day grows dim;
She is an altar; into her golden chalice
I am pouring the love that my heart would offer Him.

JESSICA POWERS.

Blind Yesterdays

In yesteryear when you and I
Had all the laughter 'neath the sky,

And all the song of little things
Were ordinary happenings,

Did you tell me, or I tell you
What lonely ways we must walk through!

PAUL DENT.

"Love Not the World"

"Love not the world"—
How could I love it, Lord?
I, who have known the cities
And the men
Who walk their dreary streets
With sightless eyes
Too dull to look into the why
Or when.

"Love not the world"—
How can I help it, Lord?
This beauty of the earth new dressed
In spring,
The misty green, the apple trees
In bloom
And every bird that shows me
How to sing!

"Love not the world"—
But it is perfect, Lord!
And all its beauty eloquent
And true.
I do not covet the designs
Of men;
But let me love the wonders
Made by You.

ELEANOR CUSTIS SHALLCROSS.

The Trees Are Tall

The trees are tall, with silence in their hands;
The ocean grows white foam-flowers on grey sands,
White flowers that die and bud again as white.
The beach-grass bends beneath a wind as light
As lovers' hands. The sand dunes rise and dip,
And past the sea there is a little ship,
A toy made to amuse our idleness!
The filmy lace upon your fragrant dress
Is not more delicate than the foam, that lace
That falls so negligently into place
Upon the world's breast! Peace on sea and lands.
The trees are tall, with silence in their hands.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Arboreal

The city has no trees,
But sometimes, late at night,
Tall girders sway across the moon
Like boughs,
And breathe, released from day's
Relentless tread,
With mighty intake,
As the forests breathe.

JAMES E. TOBIN.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Immortal Thief

WALTER HAMPDEN has opened his new season by a spectacular production—scenically—of a new play called The Immortal Thief, by Tom Barry. It is a sincere play in intention, relating in episodic and somewhat disjointed form, the supposed life of the repentant thief during the days immediately preceding the Crucifixion. It employs a large cast, several members being called upon for more than one part; it has incidental music composed especially by Elliott Schenck; and it attains many scenic effects of extraordinary beauty with what is really a great economy of scenic material. In it, Mr. Hampden as Marius Rufinus, scion of a Roman family who has become the leader of a gang of thieves, is seen in a bewildering array of costumes, ranging from brigand chief, through Roman patrician, gilded Roman officer, prisoner in chains and tunic, to the last moment of his suspension on the thief's cross. The action takes place in Jerusalem.

But in all this pageantry and display, one looks in vain for a play. Characters, many of them familiar in history, are brought in, they speak lines meant to be charged with feeling, but somehow falling with unreality on the ear, and then depart. What is evidently intended to give the cumulative effect of atmosphere, struggle, degeneracy and redemption becomes, unfortunately, a confusing element, a needless distraction, in what might have been a simple and stirring study of one man's character. For this the playwright is chiefly to blame. He has yielded to the temptation—all too common to the writers of semi-historical plays—to create the sense of reality through multiplicity instead of simplicity. Moreover, his characters are not alive, either in language or action. There is hardly a moment, for example, when one is held in suspense by even the most elementary interest in what this or that character will do. That is because the author, in his hurry to place before us a panorama, has not dwelt long or lovingly enough on any one individual to make him grow before our eyes, take on personal qualities, or engross our interest. Mr. Barry has relied so greatly on the inherent interest of his main theme that he has forgotten the necessity—for the theatre at least—of investing this theme with a unified point of view or living eyes from which to view it. We have here more the elements of a pageant than of a play, of a tableau rather than of a drama.

But the fault is not entirely Mr. Barry's. In a review of Mr. Hampden's last season, I tried to point out—always in the rôle of a deep admirer of his sincerity and idealism—the obstacle he was setting to his own possible achievements in trying to be both actor and director. It is quite possible for a good actor to be a good director as well. But it is almost impossible for him to be both at the same time; and to be both star actor and director at once is, I am sure, entirely impossible. Certainly, Mr. Hampden has now proved its impossibility in his own case. Not only is the acting of the whole company distressingly amateurish—in the sense of completely failing to give the illusion of reality or genuine feeling—but Mr. Hampden's own acting has fallen to an incredibly low point. If ever a fine natural talent, coupled with intelligent purpose, needed to submit itself to the discipline of outside direction, that of Mr. Hampden does at the present moment. Mannerisms, old-fashioned heroics, and attitudinizing have crowded into his work until at times it becomes almost a travesty of itself.

We must remember that in Shakespearean rôles, to which Mr. Hampden has dedicated himself so freely, he has, at least, the benefit of traditional interpretations with which to compare his own. Even in Cyrano he was not dealing with entirely new material—quite aside from the fact that in playing so gloriously vital a character, he would be poor indeed if he could not sweep it across the footlights by using the oldest known methods of the romantic actor. But in a new play, without traditions for comparison, and without the check of at least a co-director, he can only expect to find his defects magnified and his natural gifts undeveloped. One can also add, after repeated views of the Hampden company, that he seems to have a veritable genius for surrounding himself with mediocrities, or else, for so failing to bring out their abilities as to leave them merely a drab and lifeless background for his own work.

It is neither pleasant, nor, on the surface, constructive to make comment of this sort on a man of such rare devotion to the highest things in the theatre. But occasions do arise—and this is one of them—when utter frankness has its constructive purpose. At a time when our modern stage is being drenched with the most puerile trash, when we need urgently to summon the best traditions of the past to guide us in restating fine drama in modern terms, Mr. Hampden holds a great gift for us—of scholarship, of honesty, of more than average ability, and, above all, of high-minded devotion. This is no time for him to make mistakes either in judgment about plays or in the management of his enterprise. Each mistake counts, not alone against Mr. Hampden, but against all similar efforts. That is the real tragedy of a production such as The Immortal Thief.

A Woman Disputed

WHAT PRICE VIRTUE? would have been a much more apt title for this thoroughly unreal and pretentious melodrama by Denison Clift, in which the important situation is based on a story of Maupassant's. A French peasant girl of Alsace, during the great war, is put by the author in the awkward predicament of choosing between surrendering her own virture to a German colonel or endangering the lives of a hundred thousand American troops. The manner of creating the situation is quite unimportant—belonging as it does to the realms of the tritest of melodrama—but the motivation of her choice is, to say the least, one of the most absurd bits of playwriting we have seen for many long days. This girl is one of half a dozen prisoners. The colonel offers to let all the rest go if she will yield to his affections. Otherwise they will be shot. After seven hours of debate, she is still adamant in her refusal. Seven lives are not worth the sacrifice. But when one of the prisoners, a French spy posing as a priest, tells her that if he can escape and give the needed information to the attacking Americans, some hundred thousand lives will be saved, her decision falters. She does for a hundred thousand abstract lives what she would not do for six immediate lives about her. And for this auction system of self-sacrifice, the play extols her as a heroine!

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This, I hope, will be quite enough information to save you the trouble or the disappointment of seeing A Woman Disputed. But as Ann Harding, long classed as one of our promising young actresses, is in the cast, it would be courteous to add a word about her work. Hitherto she has appeared as the embodiment of refinement, the methods of type-casting naturally leading to this use of her strange ash-blond beauty and her poignant voice. In this play, she transforms herself, successfully, into a peasant, partly by make-up, and even more by a complete change in body tension, walk, voice and speech. So far as that makes for good acting, she has done well, also doing herself a good service in establishing her versatility. But in another respect, she has failed badly. She is acquiring the habit of overacting her emotional scenes. The strained intensity of her voice becomes monotonous, with the quality of a song rather than purposeful human speech. And postures begin to take the place of sensitive flowing action. This is distinctly not a good sign, and one can only hope that it is partly the fault of too lenient direction. Lowell Sherman, who is the starred member of the cast, remains—Lowell Sherman.

Honeymoon Lane

ANOTHER musical comedy about the little country girl who—this time in a dream—goes to New York for a stage career against the advice of her country sweetheart, and bucks into certain hard facts of back-stage existence which decide her to accept the original offer of the little white cottage on honeymoon lane. So much for the book. The lyrics never matter anyhow—since Gilbert died or unless Lorenz Hart writes them!—but the music and dancing are decidedly good; so good that you wish they could make you forget the inexcusable vulgarities that creep in from time to time on the hackneyed theme of male perverts and the like. This particular type of gag joke is becoming almost standard in many of the musical shows, and if there is any cheaper or more degrading way of trying to buy a few laughs, that way has yet to be discovered. Standing as individual jokes, they have nothing to do with the play as a whole. If they were eliminated, no one would notice the difference. In this case, we can put the responsibility for their inclusion squarely up to Mr. Dowling, who, as co-author of the piece, need never have written them in in the first place.

CONTRIBUTORS

THEODORE F. MCMANUS of Detroit, Michigan, is the nationally celebrated advertising man. The two articles which The Commonweal is publishing, the first of which appears in this issue, form the introductory chapter of a book to be issued soon by the Devin-Adair Company.

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PAUL CROWLEY is a literary critic for the American reviews.

BOOKS

Leif the Lucky, by Clara Sharpe Hough. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

IN AN authentic setting of the discovery of America from Greenland in the eleventh century, the story treats of the spiritual regeneration of a Norse barbarian, who, conquering passions, humbly accepts the discipline of the Faith through the loyalty of a woman. When the continuity is not marking time for the somewhat cloudy soul-searching of the Nordics, the action is vigorous, and there is a nearly epic climax, when Leif finds his sacrilegious offer to the White Christ in the Blessed Sacrament accepted in a way he little bargained for. He is, to use a sea-going metaphor, brought up all standing before the blast of God's retributive justice, and lets what is left of his heathen code's running rigging go by the run; and this tale of his soul's voyage is well contrasted against the stark tragedy that finally brings the viking to his knees.

Mrs. Hough excels in depicting feminine psychology. Brenda's waiting, a mixture of patience and subtlety, is admirably handled; never obtruded, but athrob beneath the broken surface of the story. Freydis is overdrawn in the peculiarly Nordic antic of going berserk, but even this improves on the historic Freydis, who killed five women with an ax.

Historically, the novel takes only legitimate liberties. Leif is kept pagan for the plot's sake—actually he was Christian before the voyage. But it is false coloring to emphasize Freydis's relapse and the Vinelander's sacrifice to Njord. The discoverers were Christian. A century later, Pope Paschal II appointed a "bishop of Greenland and Vineland in partibus infidelium," and it is relevant to say that we are indebted to the Church for what we know of Vineland: the earliest record is that of Adam, canon of Bremen Cathedral; and of two extant copies of the saga of Eric the Red, one was set down by a priest.

In the imaginative field, the novel goes more astray, notably in the characterization of the lugubrious Gunnlaug, who "might have preached naught but a simple and contrite heart, but fell to talk of candles, and prayers and penances instead." It is pardonable to misinterpret sacramental religion, but Mrs. Hough might know her Norse missionary was not as she paints him. More likely he had a chant that could pipe down a nor'wester and a rare knack at the Yule-ale brewing. Missionaries not only preach Christ, they worship Him with handiwork as well, and it is documented history that the Greenland monks harnessed volcanic springs for winter propagation of plants. Also, the Celts are always "the naked Kelts," and it is reiterated that the "Northmen brought civilization to Britain." As a picture of the times, that is absurd. Olaf Trygvasson, who converted Leif, received civilization and the Faith while pirating in Britain, which had been civilized, Roman and Christian, for, all told, about four centuries before Leif's ancestors and their German cousins came and played hob with the country until Saint Augustine got at them; culture meanwhile was preserved by Celtic monks. If Mrs. Hough's Hebrideans were naked despite the north winds, it was because of the Northmen. One suspects, too, that the poisoned Venetian cup is symptomatic of the "loose Latins" delusion; and the sneer at the discipline abroad Columbus's caravel, compared to the strong-arm methods of a viking keel-boat, is, in my estimation, uncalled for.

Otherwise, the book is agreeably free from the "Nordic complex," and Leif The Lucky vividly recalls the period by

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much that is historic in fact and delineation, interwoven with a poignant human story of a soul's spiritual Odyssey. Perhaps, after all, the worst quarrel is with the anonymous blurb on the book's cover—about a "famous character in an age of famous men." Leif Ericson was an uncouth mediocrity in a generation of an age relatively free from famous men but conspicuous for the multitude of obscure men who brought civilization, education, the arts and handicrafts to the barbarians throughout the Germanies and the North; monks, and not only monks but men, men whose "asceticism" it was to do their thirty miles afoot and fasting if necessary and call it a privilege, if they could but bring their people the Mass and the Body of the White Christ at the journey's end.

R. M. PATTERSON, JR.

An Outline of Christianity: The Story of Our Civilization. Volumes I and II. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.00 per volume.

THIS work, when completed, will consist of five volumes, three devoted to the history of Christianity, and two showing the relations of Christianity and science, philosophy, sociology, the arts, and various vital problems of mankind. The volumes at hand deal respectively with Christianity in the first century and Christianity from the second century to the sixteenth. The eighty-three chapters represent the work of twenty-seven writers and several editorial boards and councils. Each chapter is by a single writer. Dr. Cadman contributes an introduction.

The outline is intended as a description of "Christianity's share in upbuilding our civilization," written on "the most liberal interdenominational basis," with a "genuinely interdenominational viewpoint." It would offer "a picture at once challenging and impartial of Christianity's impact on the life of mankind during the last twenty centuries." It is, then, an interesting and valuable non-Catholic statement of religious history. For this reason, the interest might be greater if a non-Catholic had written even the chapter on scholasticism, the only one entrusted to a Catholic pen.

Although an adequate review of this work could only take the form of detailed criticism of each chapter, the average reader will get his impression of the work as a whole, careless of the fact that Van Dyke now yields place to Easton or Easton to Scott. What will that impression be? He will find a most readable and pleasant book. Never was Father Clifford less cryptic or Mr. Coulton less ruffled. He will find a book which, dealing with the most debated matters on earth, never loses sight of a desire to be fair. No reader need be irritated even when his disagreement with what he reads is most complete. He will find an informing book despite many minor imperfections, ranging from misprints to misstatements.

If the reader wished to reread a passage in the book or to learn more about it elsewhere, he would find the index and the bibliographies unsatisfactory. Adoptianism, Biel, Cajetan, Monophysite, Monothelite, and many other references are missing from an index which has room for Petit, Eustochium, and Collects. Book five of volume two deals with the years 1417-1527. One is referred to Emerton's Mediaeval Europe which happens to deal with nothing later than 1300. The third volume of Gregorovius has nothing to do with the years 1050-1417. In a reference to Gibbon, chapter fifty-three should be fifty-four. The reference to Mann's Lives of The Popes in the Early Middle-Ages to 1216 should read to 1241, thus taking in his latest volume which would correct the inadequate

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account of the relations of Gregory IX and Frederick II. Pastor would be more to the point than Ranke for papal history between 1417 and 1527, a period which Ranke touches very lightly and only as an introduction. Many works not mentioned would be more suitable than some of those given, e.g., Kidd and Bright on the early Church, Diehl and the more recent writings of Bury in Byzantine history.

Defects more serious, though seldom vital, result from the pres nce of statements which are inaccurate, or which treat an open question as closed. or which, while true, are so inadequate as to be almost false. Were images ever adored? Were Marsilius of Padua and John of Jandun Franciscans? Hildebrand hardly "directed the whole policy of the Papacy for more than twenty years." John XXIII may not have been a pirate. The account of the life of Callixtus I takes the Philosophumena of his rabid enemy, Hippolytus, at face value. There is very little reason to think that Sixtus IV was the father of Pietro Riario. The account of the Pazzi conspiracy is quite unfair to several of the characters involved. Are the plan of Jerusalem and the illustrations meant to suggest that Gordon's Calvary and Tomb are beyond criticism? Does not the account of the position of Clement VII in the divorce case of Henry VIII leave out everything except two features which, being thus in sole possession, give one an entirely false idea?

However, a careful revision could correct defects of this sort, of which we need give no exhaustive list and which are, in many cases, due to the effort to compress too much matter in a small space. This same reason accounts in part for the fact that in volume two we have a rather blurred outline. And matters are not improved by the unsatisfactory fashion in which the matter is sometimes grouped. We have space but for two examples. A grouping of the events of the eleventh-century reformation about the problems of feudalism and a clear description of the natural development of the Hildebrandine program step by step in the face of very practical difficulties would make a crucial chapter in mediaeval history more intelligible to the general reader. And most of the very excellent chapter of Manichaeism would be better placed earlier in the work than in connection with Albigensianism.

But if the second volume gives a somewhat blurred outline, the first, it is to be feared, gives a blurred Christianity. Many a reader will be pleased with the spirit of reverence, even of piety, which marks the treatment of sacred themes. Noteworthy, too, is the number of conservative positions maintained in such matters as the dates of the Gospels, the credibility of the New Testament writers, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the early date of the monarchical episcopate, the presence of Saint Peter in Rome (after all Professor Merrill's recent proof that non-Catholics who admit this are hypnotized by Catholic reiteration) the influence of mystery religions in early Christianity. But though so much moderation and these approaches to a Catholic position on some points might lead one to hope that Up From Tübingen may mean nearer Rome, the impression is inescapable of a Protestantism trying to rebuild a shattered faith with materials of which it no longer knows the meaning, with tools of which it no longer knows the use. It is as if someone ignorant of construction were given stones and tried to build a cathedral which, owing to his negligence of all principles of thrust and strain, bade fair to topple over at any wind.

It approaches an historic Christ by history, but presently its historical criticism is governed by a priori ideas. At point after point, the Evangelists are corrected until, as text after text goes, we have, not the Christ of the Gospels, but a very reduced Christ. The gradual expression of His Messianic mission represents a gradual decrease of His own ignorance of His person and work, an ignorance of which He was a sad victim. The miraculous element in the Gospels is handled as an embarrassment more than anything else. Two of Christ's miracles become (or seem to become) parables, one a coincidence, most of them natural cures. The inconvenient Lazarus and the daughter of Jairus do not appear at all.

The relation of Christ to the Church is treated with a reticence which may or may not suggest a wide gap between them. But presently the gap is opened wide and we learn that while Christianity was embodied in the Church, all the writers in this book are in the Church despite all differences. A church which guards against what this book calls the "illusion of finality" and which is also "the churches" ("no single theory monopolizes revealed realities to the exclusion of the rest") surely received no hard and fast form, if any, from Christ.

Frankly, if this be Christianity, Catholicism might be content to bear another title. And if Catholicism be Christian, what is all this? Too much talk of a common Christianity is only obscuring issues. What Hegelian wizardry can label us all with a common name? What, save one which tells us how "inexcusable are the many needless separations of churches," which warns us that we must restate our dogmas and experience them afresh "in view of the iniquities of class privilege, the clash of racial color," etc., and that "those who receive from these volumes that which they are intended to convey will escape religious provincialism, and lose its dialects in the nobler language of a genuine Catholicity"? Yet I fear escape to this "nobler language" would reduce Christianity to what Dr. Otto is teaching us to call numinous sounds.

J. M. EGAN.

Upstairs, by Jessie Rickard. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.00.

ONE is quite unaware at the start that this delightfully written story is going to lead one into what is known as a "baffling and intriguing mystery." It all comes about so simply and unexpectedly. The scene opens in the faded gentility of London lodgings, and the varied characters introduced are cleverly and pleasantly sketched in. The retired and retiring Anglo-Indian officer who occupies the first floor front interests one at once with his romantic, middle-aged heart, his scholarly tastes, and his horror of lone females. Naturally, the lodgings teem with lone females. Moreover, the house directly opposite is the abode of another lone female, young and lovely, who is the subject of keen curiosity to her neighbors. She rouses the dumb, distant devotion of the chivalrous soldier, and the surmises and suspicions of his fellow-lodgers.

Then comes an evening when a man is seen to enter her house, a shot is heard, and—nothing results! The man never emerges from her house, the cab in which he had arrived, after some hours of waiting, drives away empty. No alarm is given. Yet all the secret watchers, glued to the opposite windows, feel that something startling has happened. From then on, the mystery deepens, and extends to new fields. New characters are introduced, well-differentiated, cleverly drawn human beings—their actions well within the limits of credibility, while a charming touch of humor enlivens both the romance and the tragedy of the absorbing story.

HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.

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I Come Singing, by H. Thompson Rich. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.75.

Knowledge and Dream, by Colin Tolly. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 3/6.

Voodoo, by Annice Calland. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

On Armistice Day, by Ernest E. Davies. Boston: Four Seas Company. $1.50.

The Eternal Quest, by Mary Brent Whiteside. London: Erskine Macdonald. $1.50.

Romance and Stardust, by Ernest Hartsock. Saugus, Massachusetts: C. A. A. Parker. $1.50.

Words for the Chisel, by Genevieve Taggard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf Company. $2.00.

The Annunciation, by Charles H. Misner. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Going to the Stars, by Vachel Lindsay. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

THE leaves of autumn falling around us are matched by a deciduous deposit of minor poets, which induces a melancholy comparable to the fading glories of the oak and maple of the forests.

"I have no pattern," sings H. Thompson Rich, in a book called I Come Singing, which has the troublesome qualities of considerable promise, good material, and some immaturities and defects of taste.

Knowledge and Dream introduces us to a new poet, Colin Tolly. His muse travels lustily from Timgad, Tahiti, to the lands of the Algonquins. A very charming poem, A Cry from Mount Athos, will give a good idea of this poet's quality:

"O that there be no memory of me
When I am gone, or only the faintest breath
Noiselessly following! For on the sea,
Under the skies, in the great silence of death
I would be lost—would shed mortality,
Old days and dreams with Baal and Ashtoreth—
And fly forgotten, wholly lost in Thee!—
Whose most pure Spirit passing this way saith
'Beloved, the Life Eternal calleth us: flee;
Forsake all; follow Me!' (Who followeth
Cometh to Christ where th' Eternal dwell. Ev'n the least
Of His true worshippers as a high-priest
Knoweth the mystic night, where sorrow hath ceased,
Stars laugh; the soul with love doth sleep and feast)—
So let there be no memory of me
When I am gone, or only the faintest breath
Noiselessly following! For on the sea
Under the skies, in the great silence of death
I shall be lost, lost, wholly lost in Thee."

Negro books are also the fashion, and Annice Calland introduces us to a new group of blacks, desert Indians, and Caribbean folk quite in the up-to-date genre of slender-waisted octoroons, Chinese gongs, and Haitian love-songs. Our tourist agencies are producing a marked effect upon the newer poets. Annice Calland has a real talent and a generally well-directed poetical aim.

War poems have not altogether exhausted the ink-pots of our poets, and On Armistice Day seems to suggest in the Lament of the Adolescents that the great war was rather too short for them. These poems are not unconscious of the

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"wine-stained, brawling knave" and when we have read the notes appended to the volume, we can join the author in the lines of his Prayer:

> "Whatever the future hath for me in store,
> I pray that I may not become a bore."

In The Eternal Quest, the poet treads a well-worn path jauntily, with an ease that is perhaps a little too easy and a nonchalance that leaves her work a trifle overobvious in its thoughts.

Ernest Hartsock is a painter as well as a poet, as may be seen in the bobbed-hair portrait called Romance in his frontispiece for Romance and Stardust, a book of verse hardly above the newspaper level, but earnest with a sort of bucolic emotion that might be Emily Dickinson's if it were more bucolic.

"Comparable to Blake is her use of material at once terrible and uniquely picturesque," is what the publishers say of Genevieve Taggard's Words for the Chisel. Somewhat preposterous, will be a sufficient criticism on this estimate of Miss Taggard's book, which is good enough not to need bombastic publicity. There is sufficient shadow in her work, sufficient inebriety in her imagery, to call attention to the fact that a real personality, more or less edifying, is upon the singing-stand. It seems almost strange to find in this book, where genius strives with drabness, so charming a little—Story:

> "Love came a little too late,
> Bringing hunger and danger and hate;
> With these she made up her bed;
> With these devoured sparse bread;
>
> These, the gifts of her fate,
> Splendor and sorrow;—then late
> Wave on wave, instead
> Came hunger and danger and hate.
>
> There was love, but frail with the weight
> Of hunger and danger and hate.
> —These I endured, she said.
>
> These she endured. They are great.
> She is greater than these. She is dead."

In The Annunciation, Charles H. Misner shows himself a poet of liturgical learning and considerable richness of expression. His allusions are largely scriptural and call for some knowledge of the doctrine and ceremonials of the Church. The Annunciation suggests, in a way, the processes of Francis Thompson and his fellow-master of Catholic poetry, Coventry Patmore, throughout the Sonnets on the Way of the Cross. We quote Mr. Misner's Envoy to My Lady Mary:

> "I launch my little boat of rhyméd rune
> Here, where the fourfold Eden rivers meet.
> Is it a crescent or a wasted moon?—
> I filched it, Lady, from beneath thy feet."

Vachel Lindsay, in his Going to the Stars, indulges in a poet's tour through the already highly advertised localities of the Rockies and the West. He also presents us with a series of drawings, clever and imaginative, representing totems and western flowers, with an occasional cabbalistic stroke to his pen. Now and then he essays a poem in the manner in which we understand the word—not orations, not chorus songs, but literature static and unjazzed. In our critical limitations, we prefer such a song of his as The Mountain Angels:

> "He who has loved the mountain angels
> Is always lonely-hearted;
> He will hear them rustle, rustle,
> Their wings against the pane;
> He will hear them singing, singing,
> Far, far upon Sun Mountain,
> While he is hid in cities,
> Brooding in the rain."

THOMAS WALSH.

Church Music, by Sir W. H. Hadow. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.00.

Music and Its Creators, by Neville D'Esterre. New York: Adelphi Company. $2.50.

Jazz, by Paul Whiteman and Mary Margaret McBride. New York: J. H. Sears and Company. $3.00.

A FORTY-THREE page pamphlet, by the Vice-Chancellor (in an Anglican, not a Catholic, sense) of Sheffield University, Church Music offers an outline of the history of music in Christian worship with a special plea for the correction of deficiencies existent in present-day Anglican church music. Its stressing of the beauties of mediaeval Catholic church music, and its advocacy of an "established and authoritative standard" with regard to Anglican music used, instead of the anarchy of individual opinion which results in the employ of "bad or trivial music," is interesting in view of the admirable musical results which, in the Catholic Church, an "established and authoritative standard" secures; and to which, in New York, for instance, the Pius X School of Liturgical Music of the College of the Sacred Heart, has given so fine an impetus.

In Neville D'Esterre's Music and Its Creators, the spiritual and not the ritualistic aspects of music are considered in a book which represents a musical amateur's reactions told for the benefit of other amateurs. The book is a wholesome one, and, despite the fact that, like all books which deal with the appreciation of music, it represents a personal angle, it is interestingly written. Its conclusions are sane, whether in the discussion of the opera, the art song, the piano concerto, or the symphonic poem or symphony. The author is severest, perhaps, in condemnation of American jazz music, "redolent of the feverish night-life of the scum of a modern city population." To him, jazz is "a degenerate child of savage freedom enslaved in a corrupt and luxurious civilization." It should be said, however, that, being an Englishman, American jazz must necessarily impinge on his consciousness from a purely British angle, in a manner deflected and not direct, and in taking this fact into consideration we find that Paul Whiteman, the prophet of the syncopate saxophone, in his Jazz, has come forward as the interpreter and apologist of what Neville D'Esterre so strongly condemns.

As an autobiography, Whiteman's book is vivid, colorful, entertaining. It is breezy, anecdotic, full of a certain genial verve, and no derby mutes the trumpet which blows the praise of jazz. The tale of the musical expression of "the breathless, superenergetic times in which we live" is told with spirit; and jazz is presented as a beneficent rhythmic superintoxicant, the golden means between "the ecstasies of the saint . . . and the stupor of the drug addict," much nearer the former than

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the latter. This deliberate attempt to establish a rapprochement between Saint Francis of Assisi or Joan of Arc and jazz, however, is more bold than convincing. With all due allowance made for the possible physical stimulant advantages of jazz, the theory that in itself, and uncolored by the ambient of night-clubs or cabarets, it may be a "tremendous influence for good in the world," jazz, basically, harks back to primal physical urges which antedate the spiritual. And, if we read a little further, we see that, after all, according to the author himself, the reactions to jazz are purely emotional, not spiritual: "Dancing or singing or listening to jazz . . . the world seems brighter, troubles don't weigh so heavily, the natural joy and delight there is in just being alive comes to the surface." But all this is something very different from the pure and lofty ecstasies of a Saint Vincent de Paul.

Of course, jazz music in itself is neither "bad"—in a technical and musical sense, the best modern jazz, as written by Jerome Kern, Gershwin, Friml, et al., is not alone not "bad" but distinctly "good"—nor the opposite. Like all music, it largely takes its color from its surroundings, its affiliations; it conveys the meanings put into it, just as those who hear it react according to their individual natures, complexes and inhibitions, their tastes, sympathies and training. Whether Handel would have enjoyed having his Messiah theme jazzed as Yes, We Have No Bananas, or Chopin have preferred his Fantasie Impromptu indigoed as I'm Always Chasing Rainbows (on the theory that a rose with any other name will smell as sweet) as Mr. Whiteman infers, is immaterial. And whether or not "jazz represents America's first serious contribution to music" may well be a matter of opinion. But an endeavor to make jazz spiritually significant is going too far!

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

By the City of the Long Sand: A Tale of New China, by Alice Tisdale Hobart. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

MARCO POLO at the court of Kublai Khan; Lafcadio Hearn squatting on a mat to lecture at the University of Tokio; Oxford men become corporation "typans" at Hankow; American beachcombers swigging 3-Star Hennessey in Ship Street, Shanghai: one and all bear witness to the Circean spell that the Orient casts over occidentals. Books by the hundreds attest the lure of China and Japan. Poets, travelers, statesmen, commercial adventurers, they go to the Setting Sun and return like prophets who have seen visions and dreamed dreams. They call the western world to listen to them. They open their lips to speak; they tell of Fujiyama putting the sun in its pocket, hiding it in the evening behind the waters of Yokohama Bay; they tell of the dragon boats on the Yangtze-Kiang celebrating the Chinese New Year, tom-toms throbbing from river and land, flutes piping, dancers honoring the gods and ancestors by jumping like mechanical toys, up and down, to the side, up and down, to the side; they tell of cherry blossoms thick as rain, of slanting rain streaking the countryside like a mezzotint. . . . But presently they say no more, they give up. "You would have to see it for yourself," is the substance of the story of the white man who is under the spell.

Mrs. Alice Tisdale Hobart, on the other hand, writes By the City of the Long Sand as if the only riddle in China were the riddle of what house her husband's business superiors would assign them to next. Most westerners become largely immersed in the East if they have to live there. Mrs. Hobart is the exception, glorious or inglorious depending upon your

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NUMBER ONE

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1926.
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point of view. Her book is a prettily-spun story of the seven homes they occupied in China during the eleven years her husband represented an American oil company there. It is not concerned with the Chinese at all, except at such times as famine affects her supply of meat, or Hunan's native pride renders it impossible for her to keep her northern "number one boy." It is the nice but not thrilling story of a wife's homesteading on "America's trade frontier," written in exquisite English that would be stirring if the author had chosen to tell us more about the teeming junk life slipping by on the river outside her garden wall and less about how she felt when the chrysanthemums began to bloom inside that garden wall.

Nevertheless, underneath this innocuous narrative of a woman's little trials and sentiments in China, there lies a startling psychology, surprising at least from the pen of a home-loving woman. It is the theory that Big Business is more worth while than the individual. Mrs. Hobart deifies the corporation, even to the point of wishing the incense of human lives burned before it.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

Dostoyevsky: As Portrayed by His Wife; translated and edited by S. S. Koteliansky. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.25.

SINCE the discovery of Mme. Dostoyevsky's literary remains in 1922, the biography of the great Russian master has perforce been considerably modified. She came into his life at a comparatively late time, having been—as all the world knows—engaged as a stenographer by the then impoverished and relatively lonely novelist. For fifteen years she lived at his side, patiently bearing with his physical and mental illnesses, and gradually mastering the art of conducting his business. She was probably not a woman of extraordinary mind, but her practical sense proved extremely valuable to a man so incapable of managing his affairs as was her husband.

The introductory sections of the diary tell the charming story of their meeting and engagement. Then follows an account of the years spent in Germany, during which Dostoyevsky tried in vain to recoup his fortunes at the roulette table. It is a dramatic and realistic narrative, in its own way as peculiar and searching a record as The Gambler. The battle with poverty involved exile from his native land, and so the patriotic loyalty of the novelist was deepened, as was his interest in the Christian faith. In fact, these chapters of the diary are almost indispensable to a proper understanding of Dostoyevsky and will doubtless be as widely read in the English translation as they have been in French and German. Mr. Koteliansky, it may be added, is an able litterateur whose version leaves nothing to be desired.

The volume is rounded out with miscellaneous but interesting documents relating to the mysterious Mlle. Souslov, who occupies so unique a rôle in Dostoyevsky's story, and to literary associates like Turgenev and Tolstoy. As a whole, the new contribution is both informative and piquant. If it does not solve the enigmas presented by the great Russian's mind, it does much to make them understandable. Today the eminence of Dostoyevsky as a writer about life is unquestioned, and so new knowledge about him is precious. Although scholars have doubtless absorbed the diary and attendant documents from their reading in other languages, the average reader will appreciate the kindly services of Mr. Koteliansky.

PAUL CROWLEY.

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THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. LAMB.

"Tittivillus, fetch me my copy of à Kempis," whispered Doctor Angelicus, amid the uproarious welcoming with which it is growing the custom to receive him after his brief absences from the Quiet Corner. "More than ever before, my good friends, do I need that quiet and peace which the sweet saint of Kempen speaks of as found alone "in little books in little nooks."

"Then you did not like the Sesquicentennial, Doctor?" asked Miss Brynmarian.

"It was both Philadelphia and the Sesquicentennial, joined, perhaps, to the bumping of our speedy Ford over the pavements of North Broad Street. It was on that noble thoroughfare that I learned to envy the ease with which Father Neptune glides over the foam-tipped waves."

"But the exposition buildings—they really look beautiful in the illustrated supplements," suggested Britannicus. "And the lighting of the Liberty Bell and the buildings is said to be very dramatic."

"Theatric, I should say," went on the Doctor. "One feels the spirit of Reinhardt and Belasco, with the heavens and suburban real estate of Pennsylvania as a dim background. I liked the Liberty Bell in incandescent bulbs: it spoke, as Philadelphia reminded me, of the liberties of their state: but it seemed to me, primarily, a monument to their electrical advance and the glory of their steel industries. Then there was a horrible group of congested figures writhing under searchlights at the other end of the main boulevard: it seemed as though backwoods art was rushing to destroy the Tunisian villages, the Byzantine edifices, and the little band-stand from Monte Carlo. I thought of the Sans-Culottes breaking into Versailles."

"Was there nothing—nothing that pleased you?" said Miss Brynmarian, who is connected with some of the Rittenhouse Square families—for there are still such entities in the sesquipedalian city.

"Nothing more than vanishing hopes. There was a lovely little Persian kiosk beside the lake, where a gloomy little ship of the vikings was lapping the waters of loneliness; from the Russian cafeteria came the inciting blare of Broadway jazzes. Wearily, I turned toward the minarets of Tunis in hopes of hearing the old-time cymbals—you see I was brought up at the World's Fair, and expect much in the way of orientalism in these great expositions. Emptiness, silence met me; not a morsel of kous-kous; not a gyration of dervish or nautch-girl—not a trace of the old deliriums! They told me there was joy in the little café behind the merry-go-rounds, and the switchbacks, but that was beyond walking distance. They told me there was art in the gallery—but I have visited the Metropolitan Museum before and I can wait until the second-class masterpieces return. As for the rest, I have always studied the shop-windows at home and did not come to purchase Japanese bric-à-brac and French hosiery in South Philadelphia!"

"The city itself, Doctor, did you not find it agreeable? Such nice people live in Philadelphia," suggested Britannicus.

"They may live there, but I am afraid they are prone under some dire administrations! The streets are deplorable in their condition; in the main part of the town they were an outrage upon the springs of our little Ford car: the traffic regulations reminded me of the religious orgies of the Zulus. Everybody was polite with, perhaps, a fellow-feeling of misery, and handed

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us on to somebody else who didn't know either where or how. We were glad to get back to the main street of Trenton, so you can imagine our experiences! I could pity, I could commiserate our fellow-Americans, for even if we are not Philadelphians, we are at least citizens of the same republic, but when I read the editorial in The Philadelphia Inquirer entitled New York and Its Provincialism, I am aroused to some retort. The learned editor declares that we New Yorkers are interested in disasters in Florida and Dempsey-Tunney prize-fights, but we have forgotten the exposition. Oh, no, my friends, we shall never forget it! Even if President Coolidge was there, we don't advertise it. Why should we, when Philadelphia itself has neglected to do so—has neglected to complete the exposition buildings: has discouraged exhibitors, so that even today it stands uncompleted and unprepared for the larger influx of outsiders who have learned enough not to come? It is unfortunate to fail—it is sad that it should fail—but it is ridiculous to place the blame outside the Philadelphian city limits."

"Don't you think the name, Sesquicentennial, is a handicap in itself, Doctor?" asked Miss Brynmarian. "You could almost be in Philadelphia by the time that it takes you to pronounce it."

"There have always been too many syllables connected with Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Susquehanna, etc. You have heard of the Philadelphia lawyers? Some of them seem to have turned editors on the Inquirer, and this keenness of instinct for provincials who refuse to accept the home failures of others as a burden on their conscience might with profit be muffled on the subject of the Sesquicentennial. To quote from The Philadelphia Inquirer: 'Were this mammoth exposition located in New York City, it would be exploited by the page. There would be illustrations galore. Every state in the Union would be told of its vast importance and the lesson in patriotism and in Americanism to be learned from it.' Yes, indeed, it would—and what is to prevent these Philadelphian pressmen with their large vocabularies and numerous syllabifications from doing the same?"

Tittivillus was overheard whistling My Country 'Tis of Thee, and Angelicus turned hotly:

"I hate whistling, but at present, there doesn't seem to be anything left to our American patriots who love their country and feel that the greatness of one part of it is the greatness of the whole; there is nothing left to such rare people in Philadelphia—but to whistle!"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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